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LETTERS

dollar diplomacy

Fredericton, N.B.

DEAR SIRS: I found Michael Tanzer and Arthur J. Cordell's article "Multinational Corporations: Price to the Host Country" [*The Nation*, July 6] to be a generally excellent summary of the dangers of American investment. They did however leave out a couple of important aspects of the problem.

They noted that multinational corporations come to demand an ever increasing role in determining the overall course of national development of the host country. . . . But this is by no means the only way that national sovereignty is effectively diminished. . . . International corporations cannot violate American laws and policy guidelines, even when these are inconsistent with those of the host country, or detrimental to that country's interests. Thus under the Trading with the Enemy Act, no American-owned subsidiary can send goods to designated Communist countries. The Canadian Government cannot send drugs produced by American-owned companies to North Vietnam; France cannot send airplanes with American patented components to Communist China, etc. In this way also the American Government's dominance over the Western and underdeveloped world is continually enhanced.

Another thing the authors ignore is the labor problem generated by competition for foreign investment. . . . The problem arises because one obvious way of attracting foreign industry is for the host government to keep wage rates low and workers unorganized. In this way the host government's policies contribute to the prosperity of the company, rather than the other way around.

Henry David Rempel, Dept. of Political Science
The University of New Brunswick, Canada

risking frisking

New York City

DEAR SIRS: Your suggestion ["Why Not Frisk," editorial, June 22] that the airlines should "search passengers and their hand luggage" on certain long-distance flights has been at least partially implemented by TWA at the majority of our overseas stations, where for some time we have been searching the hand luggage of passengers.

Concerning the personal searching of boarding passengers, I think you can understand that there is a very real question as to whether or not airlines have the authority to conduct such personal searches. . . .

However, in an effort to overcome this inability to screen that which is carried on the person of boarding passengers, as you probably know, TWA is using metal sensing devices. This technique has been discussed at various press conferences by airline and FAA officials. We believe these devices add greatly to our ability to detect the potential hijacker.

F.C. Wiser, President
Trans World Airlines

use for feathers

Bronx, N. Y.

DEAR SIRS: Your editorial, "The Feather Merchants" [June 8] raises some rather amusing questions concerning the U.S. Defense Department's stockpiling of feathers and goose down as strategic materials. Goose down is indeed a most valuable material in that it is the most efficient heat insulating material known to mankind. It is used as filler for sleeping bags and other cold-weather clothing. . . .

A recent article, "The Great South Asian War" by Michael Klare [*The Nation*, Mar. 9] presented evidence that the Pentagon is preparing for a new war in a severe northern mountainous climate. The stockpiling of feathers and down could be a chilling affirmation of such plans.

Irwin S. Levine

EDITORIALS

Mideast Truce

The outcome of the Rogers-Sisco-Nixon initiative in the Middle East may not succeed; the odds are obviously against it. But it is a beginning and even if it fails it may make a later attempt easier rather than more difficult. The principal enemies have shown themselves not as intransigent as they appeared. Each side also revealed itself as beset not only by the external enemy but by opponents within.

On the Arab side, the effect was to show that the Palestinians, the principal injured party, and the die-hard Syrians and Iraqis, were at odds with the less fiery Egyptians and Jordanians. The parallel Israeli split was between Mrs. Meir's party and the Gahal bloc. Defense Minister Dayan spoke responsibly: "We are not all that strong to permit ourselves to ignore our allies. We should compromise if necessary to avoid isolation." Some arm twisting probably preceded this concession, but diplomacy is not a gentle art.

The most important aspect of the situation is that both the United States and the Soviet Union favored a cease-fire and an attempt at conciliation. The firing has not yet stopped, but there is general hope that it will. If so, the good wishes of those of the world's millions who would be caught in a nuclear showdown will go out to Ambassador Jarring. If he succeeds, he will be a benefactor of all mankind—and of the United Nations, for which this may be a last chance to show effectiveness in an ominous contention.

Nixon the Crime Fighter

By their demagogic and intensely partisan law-and-order propaganda, the President and Attorney General Mitchell have complicated the problem of law enforcement to the point of insolubility. Getting tougher is not the answer: history can teach us that much. When the death penalty was invoked in England for the crime of snatching handkerchiefs, a form of thievery prevalent at the time, only those youngsters who were hanged desisted; the others kept right on with their criminality. The current result of the national furor over crime has been the imposition of sentences in some states—notably Texas—so severe as to bring the law into disrepute. Juries feel it is incumbent on them to convict, and judges vie with one another to keep the felon, who may be guilty of nothing more than possession of marijuana, in jail for life, or as near to that as possible. The jails, which in most states are incubators of crime, are already filled to overflowing; the crackdown on crime will only make the situation worse.

One might look at the general hysteria with resignation: it's the American way of doing things. But in Denver the President, with the Attorney General at his side, outdid himself in reckless statement. Wasn't Mr. Mitchell listening when Mr. Nixon said flatly that Charles Manson was "guilty, directly or indirectly, of eight murders without reason?" The remark, made without qualification, caused visible agitation among the newsmen. The blunder was serious enough to justify immediate

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correction, or at least the Attorney General could have pointed out, before the reporters left the room, that the President did not intend to convict Manson at a news conference. Even much later most of the damage could have been undone; the President's remarks were on tape and could have been amended before the record was played on TV. But the foremost lawyer in the Administration, and the big communications expert, Herb Klein, or whoever among the President's TV advisers was on hand, seem to have been powerless to patch things up.

A more profound question, however, is what impelled the President to make an error which every reporter, let alone every law student, knows must be avoided when a case is *sub judice*. The most likely answer is that Mr. Nixon was carried away by his eagerness to score political points against the Democrats in Congress. (When he said, "I do not say this in any partisan sense," one could be sure that that was the sense in which he intended it.) The crusade against crime is one of his chief campaign issues, and he was going to make the most of it in Denver. It was a characteristic piece of cheap politics, a bid for the "law-and-order" vote, and it backfired.

It was also a further appeal to the "square," "silent majority," "hard-hat" type of voter. It tied in neatly with the White House's disapproval of Chancellor Heard's report on student disaffection. Apparently the President wants to inflame the lowest common denominator among the voters against the "intellectuals," and he is not leaving it all to Mr. Agnew. Tricia Nixon had selected the movie *Chisum*, with John Wayne, for Presidential viewing at San Clemente over the weekend, and her father gleaned an important moral lesson from this "very good Western," with a cast led by "a very fine actor . . . and a fine supporting cast." Turning psychologist, Mr. Nixon asked why Westerns remain so popular. His conclusion was that "the good guys come out ahead in the Westerns, the bad guys lose." That is to say that the simplistic TV formula for popularity is part of the solution to the complex problem of crime. From that thesis Mr. Nixon jumped to Manson, who, he implied, had been depicted by the media as "rather a glamorous figure," when actually he was an eightfold murderer. In his eagerness to drive the point home, he forgot to insert the safeguarding word —"alleged."

Not satisfied with convicting Manson before the press, Mr. Nixon went on to denounce two defense lawyers, about whose courtroom demeanor he could have known nothing at first hand. The judge has ruled that the blunder does not constitute grounds for a mistrial, but all the elements of a mistrial are present, and in the event of conviction the case will be wide open for reversal—all the result of Presidential recklessness.

Belated Light on Vietnam

The most interesting item in Kenneth P. O'Donnell's post-mortem on the Kennedy administration in *Life* is the one that has received the least attention. It is the fact that, in his Vietnamese policy, John F. Kennedy lived in fear of the ghost of Joe McCarthy. McCarthy had been censured by the Senate in 1954. He died in 1957. Yet O'Donnell tells us—and the statement is confirmed by Senator

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Mansfield—that in 1963, shortly before his own death, Kennedy had decided to pull out of South Vietnam. But first he had to be re-elected. "In 1965," he said to O'Donnell, "if I tried to pull out completely now, we would have another Joe McCarthy Red scare on our hands."

Kennedy, of course, had been no vigorous opponent of McCarthy. Whatever he may have thought privately of his Senatorial colleague, he was conspicuously absent from the Senate at the time of the censure vote. But in 1963, with McCarthy dead and the anti-Communist hysteria past its peak, Kennedy, as President of the United States probably the most powerful man in the world, was still afflicted with the fear of being "soft on communism" that has harassed other American Presidents in the postwar period. An exception might be made for Eisenhower, although while he was running for the Presidency he was persuaded to refrain from challenging McCarthy when the Senator publicly attacked George C. Marshall, Eisenhower's long-time superior, patron and friend. The other exception is obvious: Nixon has never been in danger of being accused of softness on communism.

Beyond all the complexities of domestic and foreign policy that led the United States into the Indo-Chinese morass, the chief political reason was, and to a considerable degree still is, that involvement there was implicit in the "anti-Communist" demagogy. However, one can question whether Presidential timidity was ever justified by the magnitude of the threat. McCarthy himself was brought down. If Kennedy had pulled out of Vietnam betimes, the right wingers would have screamed. Goldwater, Nixon and company would have been on Kennedy's neck. That was standard operating procedure for them. But had not Eisenhower been helped into the White House by his promise to stop the bloodletting in Korea? Wasn't the country grateful to him thereafter? And Kennedy, a Catholic and a war hero, and the victor over Khrushchev in the Cuban missile crisis, what did he really have to fear? On the other hand, when he gave a hint of disengagement in September 1963, saying of the Vietnamese, "in the final analysis, it is their war, they have to win or lose it," American losses totaled forty-seven. Kennedy had a chance to save some 40,000 American lives, and thousands of others could have been spared mutilation.

A secondary question also neglected by the media, is whether Lyndon B. Johnson was ever apprised of Kennedy's intention to get out of Vietnam. He might not have been deterred from the course which led to the carnage and his own political ruin, but wasn't there a clear moral obligation, on the part of those who knew of Kennedy's express intention, to inform Johnson? Senator Mansfield could enlighten us on that point. We need further enlightenment on why publication of a story of this importance was delayed for so long. O'Donnell says that he deferred publication because Mansfield did not want to jeopardize his relations with Johnson. If that is the reason, it reflects no credit on the Senator.

The one figure who comes out of O'Donnell's narrative with enhanced credit is that old *bête noire* of the Left, Gen. Douglas MacArthur. He gave liberals and the entire left of Center ample reason for disliking him, but in 1961, after a White House lunch, Kennedy quoted MacArthur, O'Donnell writes: "The General implored the President to avoid a U.S. military buildup in Vietnam, or any other part of the Asian mainland, because he felt that the domino theory was ridiculous in a nuclear age. MacArthur went on to point out that there were domestic problems—the urban crisis, the ghettos, the economy—that should have far more priority than Vietnam." O'Donnell adds that Kennedy came out of the meeting "somewhat stunned."

Is it possible that, at long last, this baleful fear has run its course? Can policy decisions finally be made on the merits and not out of a knee-jerk reaction to the threat of political blackmail? O'Donnell is running for office and has his own reasons for the timing of these revelations, but the public should not pass them over lightly.

SUMMER SCHEDULE

During the summer, *The Nation* will not appear on the following dates: July 13, July 27, August 10, August 24.

An Impossible Importation

It must be said for President Nixon that he is a master of calculated obfuscation. His television advisers have made him stop saying, "I want to make this perfectly clear," not only because it had become a kind of running gag, but because everybody with any sense had long since learned that Mr. Nixon has an aversion to making anything clear, understandable or simple. For one of his temperament and with his objectives, candor is dangerous, and well he knows it. He has climbed up in the world by cultivating the art of appearing candid when he is at his most disingenuous—one of the few times he let himself go was when he thought he was through in politics. In his press conferences, he sidesteps nimbly when a newsman tries to pin him down on an awkward question, which isn't often.

This poses an interesting moral question. Mr. Nixon is a product of the free enterprise system and in his view, communism is not only an inefficient way of producing goods but is morally abominable. By the nature of their doctrine, Communist rulers are bound to deceive their people. How strange, then, that this President should be so shifty in his relations with the press and public, while Fidel Castro, a Communist of sorts, should go on stage and unbosom himself to his constituents. ("Castro Scales Down His Fancy Blueprints," by Juan De Onis, *The New York Times,* August 2.)

"The enemy will say our difficulties are growing," Castro said in a public speech on the seventeenth anniversary of his revolution, "and he will be right; the enemy will say we have problems of inefficiency, and he will be right; the enemy will say there is discontent, and he will be right, and he will say there are frictions, and he will be right." Then Castro declared, "We have no fear of admitting it." "In painful detail," Mr. De Onis reports, Castro went on with acknowledgments of the failings of his regime and his own deficiencies, such as that he was trained as a lawyer before he became a guerrilla chieftain

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and was ignorant in economic matters, as was the rest of the revolutionary leadership.

True, says Mr. De Onis, who is clearly no Castro partisan, "there has been a redistribution of the national income so that the peasant who was very poor before Mr. Castro's revolution now has better access to food and basic necessities." Without moving into Castro's camp, discerning Americans might wish that some of his candor could be transfused into Mr. Nixon and his aides. But of course that is a quixotic idea—everybody knows that nothing can be imported from Cuba to the United States.

The Dictator and the Pirate

Salazar, for forty years ruler of Portugal, died on July 27 at the age of 81. He died unaware of the fact that he had been replaced as Premier. Lest the shock kill him, he was not told of his replacement after he suffered a stroke in 1968. Another distinguished Portuguese, Henrique Galvao, died on June 25 in exile in Rio de Janeiro. He was Salazar's junior by six years.

For all their differences, Salazar and Galvao had one thing in common: they were both figures out of the 19th century. Salazar, as Tad Szulc wrote in *The New York Times*, was "old-fashioned in his ideas," a man who assessed current events through "a prism of 19th-century thinking." So too was Galvao. As a matter of fact, Galvao had been a supporter of Salazar until, while serving as Government inspector in Angola, he had ventured to criticize Salazar's handling of colonial matters in a speech to the National Assembly. For this offense, he was called before a military tribunal in 1952, stripped of his rank, and sentenced to three years at hard labor.

After several unsuccessful attempts, he finally made his escape and sought refuge in Argentina. His best known exploit—one of the most exciting news stories of the 1960s—was his daring seizure of the 21,000-ton Portuguese luxury liner *Santa Maria* on the high seas. From January 23 to February 2, 1961, as the U.S. Navy followed in the wake of his zigzag course, Galvao focused publicity on the Salazar regime. After extracting every ounce of publicity that the deed would yield, he coolly turned the ship over to the Brazilians, who granted asylum to him and his jaunty crew. Nine months later, confederates hijacked a Portuguese plane and flew over Lisbon dropping leaflets which bore Galvao's signature.

In 1963, Galvao petitioned the Trusteeship Council of the UN to be heard on the matter of the Portuguese colonies. Commentators suggested that he would not dare accept, assuming that the council voted to grant his request, since Salazar was certain to press extradition charges. "If we know Galvao," *The Nation* observed (December 7, 1963), "he will accept the invitation even if he has to swim up the East River and depart, if necessary, by helicopter." He did appear and Salazar did press extradition charges, but the request was denied. As might have been expected, he succeeded in irritating the African delegates on the Trusteeship Council, who had little sympathy for his old-fashioned notions about freedom and self-determination.

It was the privilege of *The Nation* to have published Galvao before his world-famous exploit, and he wrote for us the first published account of his seizure of the *Santa Maria* ("How I Seized the *Santa Maria*," April 15, 1961), as well as an account of the hijacking of the airliner ("Sky Pilots Over Lisbon," February 3, 1962). Although he was carefully guarded by police and government agents during his brief visit to the UN, he found time to see the editor and publisher of *The Nation*. He was a most charming "pirate," witty, debonair, courtly, exuberant with confidence in his libertarian ideals. There was more than a touch of Don Quixote about Captain Galvao, but he was a brave man, loyal to his convictions, thoroughly convinced that a handful of daring and determined men, if they planned well and had the right spirit, could topple the Salazar dictatorship. It was not to happen, but Galvao and his confederates gave Salazar cause to remember that his rule was not unchallenged. And if Galvao died in exile, so too, in a way, did Salazar, lying paralyzed in the lonely splendor of Sao Bente Palace, unaware that the reins of power had been taken from those "hands of beauty" which Dean Acheson so much admired.

Confronting the Legion

There may be a hot time in Portland, Ore., the week of August 28 to September 3, when the American Legion stages its national convention there. The Legion rarely returns to the same city twice in a decade, but it liked Portland so well a few years ago that it enthusiastically decided to come back.

This time more than the local political brass and jingoists will be on hand to greet the Legionnaires. Nobody knows how many people the People's Army Jamboree will be able to muster, but the young people who are organizing the P.A.J. speak of from 5,000 to 15,000, including large contingents of anti-war GIs and Vietnam veterans, who supposedly plan a mass march.

The city of Portland has declined to give the jamboree a permit to camp in a city park: some officials on both the city and county level are talking of rock festivals (out in the country), designed to siphon off thousands of youth, and the Portland Police Bureau has suspended all leaves during the convention week.

The Legion has encountered hecklers in the past, but it has never before been confronted by a large protest movement. What the rank and file will do when they see several thousand Vietnam vets marching up Broadway in an anti-war protest will be educational to observe. (According to one newspaper report, at least 2,000 anti-war vets are expected from California alone.)

Organizers for the People's Army Jamboree insist that their protest will have meaning other than simply being anti-Legion. The P.A.J. committee declares that its opposition will center around "anti-imperialism (victory for the Vietnamese people), self-determination for Puerto Rico, anti-racism (particularly issues brought into focus by the trials of the Panthers in New Haven and New York), pro-working class (inflation is hitting working men and women hardest and the war is killing their sons), women's liberation, GI rights and the new culture (including work on how to deal with the repression that comes down on people when they try to work out a new human culture.) Whatever happens, it ought to be an interesting week.

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PRAGUE: 'NOTHING IS FOREVER'

DON NORTH

Mr. North is a national correspondent for ABC News, based in New York. He covered the war in Vietnam for three years and won the Overseas Press Club Award for Best Radio Reporting for his coverage. North was assigned to the ABC Bureau in Washington for a year and has just returned to ABC after a year's leave of absence, during which he studied Soviet affairs at Columbia University.

It may have soothed the conscience of some Soviet leaders, but in Prague the signing of the Soviet-Czech Friendship Treaty simply confirmed on paper what every Czech citizen has known for two years: Soviet tanks can be back in Wenceslas Square in less than thirty minutes. Whether by treaty or by tanks, however, I found few Czechs ready to accept today the reality of the Russian occupation. Eight months of the "Prague Spring" and a week of active resistance to the occupation have left an indelible mark on the nation's conscience. August 21, 1968 is a day remembered with pride for the attempt, rather than humiliation for the defeat. A new sense of identity and self-respect was injected into Czechoslovakia and it is still very much alive today.

But the period of open defiance appears to be over for the time being. No one is about to throw rocks at Russian tanks. The quality and character of the new resistance are elusive and hard to define. However, Yaroslav Hasek's *Good Soldier Schweik,* written soon after World War I, is still a primer of resistance to unwelcome authority in Czechoslovakia. The beloved Schweik, who never does anything in open defiance of his officers, but who never does anything right, has been banned from the barracks of a dozen armies. In Czechoslovakia today he is a folk hero and model for a nation enduring the presence of 85,000 Russian troops.

Under the terms of the new Friendship Treaty, Russia could order Czech army divisions to the Chinese border in time of war, but it is not likely that the Russians could be comfortable with an army of Schweiks supporting their Eastern flank. The Russians and the Husak government are quite aware of the Schweik philosophy and are careful not to push too fast or too hard, lest they invite forms of open defiance that could be embarrassing.

For a nation which quickly became accustomed to the spontaneity and gaiety of pre-invasion Czechoslovakia, the scene today is grim. The figure of 85,000 occupation troops may be low; estimates run as high as 200,000. The Institute for Strategic Studies in London places five Russian divisions in Czechoslovakia, with thirty-two divisions along the Czech borders and sixty divisions stationed in the USSR west of the Urals.

But in Prague, Russian troops keep a low profile, to avoid giving resentment a point of focus. During a week's visit I saw only one group of Russians in uniform—a small group of soldiers in front of the Soviet army headquarters. Soviet tanks and troops are garrisoned on the outskirts of Prague and in the countryside.

In a land that for centuries venerated everything Russian in the name of Pan-Slavism, it is today rare to find citizens who will voluntarily express pro-Russian sentiments. Although Russian troops stationed there have minimum contact with the Czechs and incidents involving Russian soldiers are infrequent, jokes at the expense of the intruders are popular. For example, a Czech goes to the Prague police station to report that his Russian watch had been stolen by two Swiss soldiers. "Don't you mean your Swiss watch was stolen by two Russian soldiers?" asks the policeman. The Czech replies, "You said it, I didn't."

With the right to reinvade Czechoslovakia now formalized by treaty, many optimistic Czechs hope that the Russians will feel secure enough to reduce their occupation forces. A deliberate pro-Soviet campaign is under way, but it must proceed with a good deal of tact. "It is not enough that we have to obey the Russians," a young Czech student remarked to me. "They want us to love them too."

The official pro-Soviet campaign is now focused on the year-long celebrations of the 100th anniversary of Lenin's birth and the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Russian liberation of Czechoslovakia in World War II. Pictures of Lenin are posted in every Prague shop window and the newspapers devote pages to the re-evaluation of his writing. By government decree, Soviet flags are flying almost everywhere you look. But there were no parades or other ceremonies to mark Lenin's birthday on April 22. In Prague they could have touched off anti-Russian demonstrations or incidents. The Lenin lapel pins and plaster busts being sold in other East European countries were conspicuously absent from Prague, where apparently it is feared that sales would be embarrassingly sluggish. Lenin study meetings, organized in factories and offices, have not been attended by the vast majority of Czech workers. To most Czechs Lenin is another symbol of the Russian occupation.

Resistance takes many forms and attitudes. The hair on the men of Prague is the longest, and the skirts on the women are the shortest of any to be seen in Eastern Europe. The excellent Czech films and imaginative stage plays are no longer produced in any number, but a playwright told me that even nonpolitical works can upset the government. Recently in a Prague theatre the line, "I'm tired of all this," stopped the show as the audience rose to applaud for more than ten minutes.

Virtually all the aims of the Prague Spring have been reversed. The freedom of expression and tolerance of minority opinions, the freedom of association which included the formation of clubs like the K231 Club of former political prisoners and engaged nonparty members, have been suppressed. Phones are tapped again and some Czech dissenters I met have had their phones put out of operation on the government's pretext that repairs were being made to the lines.

Everyday life is becoming harder. Prices have gone up 50 to 100 per cent. Potatoes are in short supply and coal is rationed. I saw lines about fifty long in front of some butcher shops early in the morning, and one woman told

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me of a near riot at a department store when a shipment of women's shoes arrived from Italy. A married couple must still wait ten years or more to get an apartment in Prague. The city's main landmark, the stately Hradcany Castle, remains unlit at night because there is not enough electricity for both the castle and the surrounding residential area.

For Alexander Dubcek, the man who personified the spirit of Prague Spring, the road to political oblivion has been humiliating. Dr. Gustav Husak, his successor as First Party Secretary, has tried hard to shield him from the pro-Moscow hard liners who protest that the party purge is too slow. When Dubcek was stripped of all but party membership, Husak bought time by sending him to Turkey as Ambassador, but by May the new Party Secretary could no longer hold back the tide of right-wing resentment. In the Presidium the conservatives, led by Vasil Bilak, won a 7-to-4 vote to expel Dubcek from the party. He remains in a clinic under heavy guard. While, according to reports, he is treated there for a nervous breakdown, Husak struggles to allow him the luxury of obscurity against those who demand vengeance by public trial.

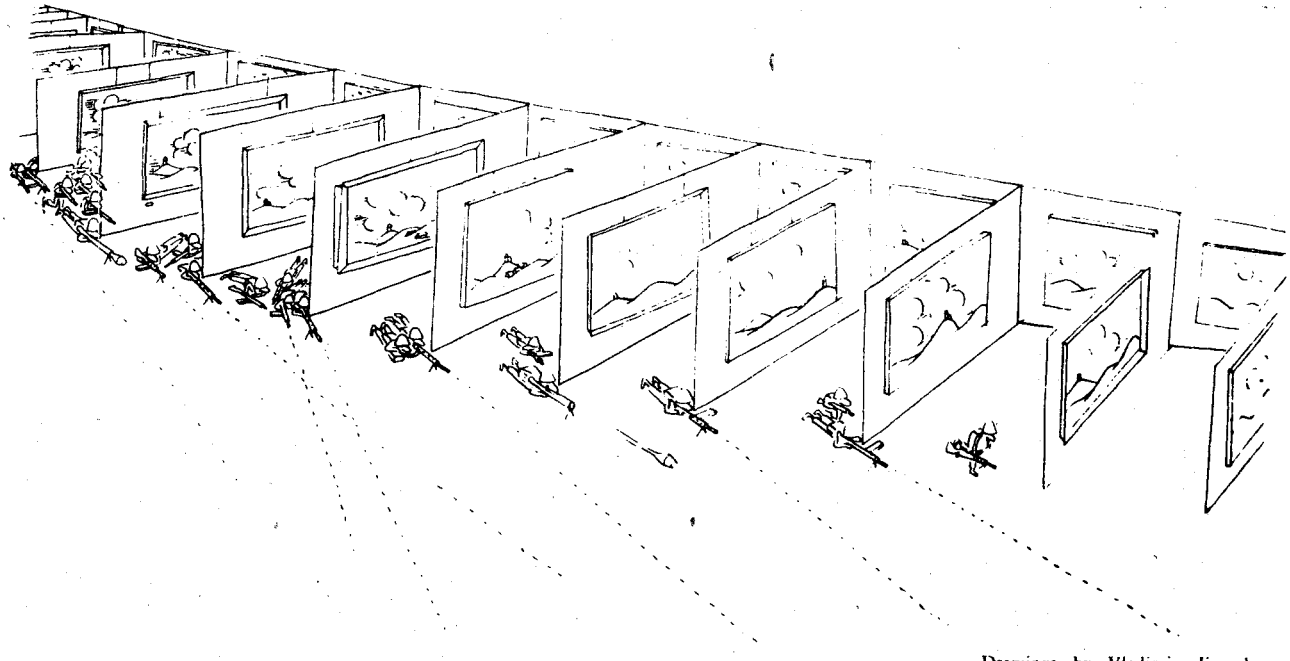
Husak insists there will be no return to the harsh police methods and rigged show trials of the Novotny era. In a speech to the Central Committee recently he admitted the continued alienation of Czech youth and intellectuals and called on the right wing to moderate its behavior. It is necessary, says Husak, to think in terms of building the future rather than of punishing for the past. Few listen, either in the ranks of the extreme Right or of the liberals and students who remain aloof.

Gustav Husak, who replaced Dubcek as First Party Secretary, is considered a "realist," one who did not support the liberalization movement in 1968. Husak was not the Russians' first choice, but they have been watching the party leader carefully and apparently like what they see. In his relations with Moscow, Husak is making all the right moves. Delegations that fly back and forth between Prague and Moscow voice the type of rhetoric that is music to Soviet ears. The Soviet ambassador to Czechoslovakia, Stepan V. Chervonenko, has become a familiar figure on Czech television. He and Husak have become regulars on the air. Many Czechs consider Husak a collaborator and it is rumored that even his own family, and particularly his university-aged children, reproach him for undue cooperation with the Soviet occupiers.

But to some Czechs I met Husak is still an enigma. At 56, he is a man of proven political skill who has survived prison, reform, invasion and occupation, and he gives the impression of trying sincerely to achieve reconciliation with the masses who remember the happy days of democratic socialism. Husak has apparently convinced the Russians that trials and arrests would stir up more trouble than they would be worth. Relatively few Czech liberals have been jailed, though there are reports of concern in Hungary and East Germany that harsh repression at this time in Czechoslovakia could set off a chain reaction with reverberations in Pankow and Budapest.

A look at the men now dominating the Czech Communist Party will help explain the reluctance of many liberals to make it too hot for Dr. Husak. Mentioned as his possible successor is Lubomir Strougal, now Premier, who was in charge of the police during the Novotny regime. Another rising star of the party is Vasil Bilak, ousted during the Prague Spring as a pro-Soviet collaborator. In spite of chalked slogans that appear on walls in Prague overnight—a typical one is "Husak-Rusak"—some liberal Czechs cling to the hope that Husak is in fact engaged in a clever scheme to ease the Russians out. They say he wants a place in history as the Czech who appeased the unwelcome Russians only later to bid them farewell.

The floundering Czechoslovak economy needs help even more than it did when Novotny refused to let reform economists revitalize it. Factory production has dropped to about two-thirds of capacity, by the standards of the



Soviet Troops Advance Through A Czech Art Gallery

Drawings by Vladimir Jiranek, a political cartoonist living in Prague

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period before August 1968. In a clear expression of discontent with the occupation, workers are carrying out a prolonged nationwide slowdown. The government now threatens to impose a six-day work week, and recently declared that on four Saturdays a year factory and office workers will donate an extra day's work. On the first such day workers are reported to have called in sick rather than submit to the government's pressure.

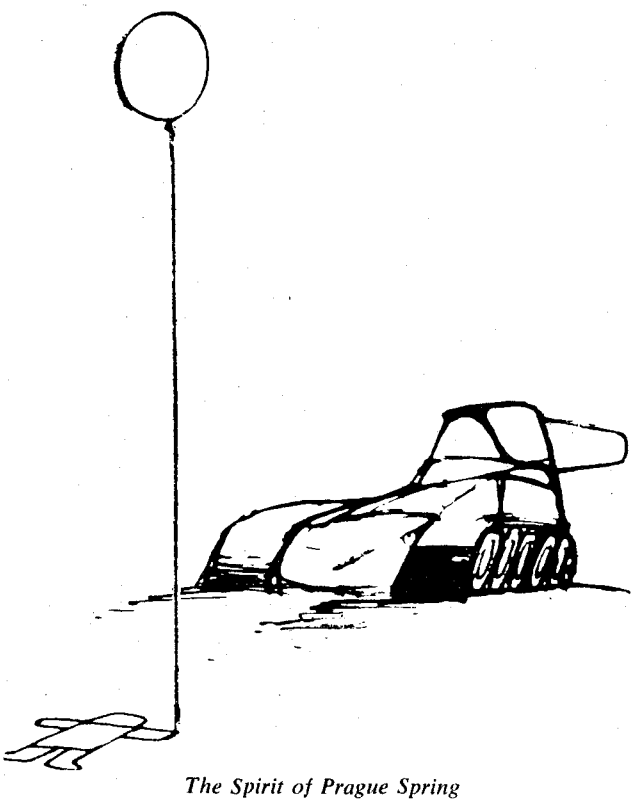
Local trade unions often defy the government over issues affecting the welfare of their workers. Recently a Prague union prevented the reinstatement of an incompetent foreman from the Novotny period by threatening to strike. Another union persistently questioned authorities over the arrest of one of their members and took up a collection to support his family.

There is a feeling of fraternity between Czech intellectuals and the workers. During the resistance in the streets after the 1968 invasion, the students spearheaded the movement in courageous demonstrations and the working classes backed the long-haired youths unflinchingly. Lasting contacts grew up between the factories and the university. There are, however, some cracks now in the solidarity of 1968. An estimated 5 per cent of factory workers have abandoned the common cause to gain privileges and higher positions. Part of the deterioration in production is attributed to incompetent management by those men whose only credentials are their party membership.

A new slander campaign mounted recently is designed to discredit intellectuals, particularly journalists, who were active in the Prague Spring. Vague charges of corruption and "right-wing opportunism" appear in the news and are aimed even at those who have already been purged from the party and from their jobs. The week I was in Prague ninety employees of Radio Prague had been fired.

Nevertheless, the vast majority of professional men and women have chosen to stay in Czechoslovakia rather than defect. The Czechs have not followed the example of Hungary, where a mass exodus bled the society of its intellectual leadership. Even most Czechs who left after the Russian invasion have returned home, and those I spoke with are glad to be back. "This is our last chance," a Czech friend told me, "the last chance for the Communist movement and the last chance to show communism with a human face. I had to come back to queue and curse with my friends."

My friend had been a correspondent for Radio Prague in Washington. His appointment to Washington had been confirmed before he helped keep Radio Prague on the air by moving the broadcast operations around the city for days, staying just one step in front of the Russians who were eager to silence so loud a dissenting voice. We had become good friends as working journalists in Indonesia and later shared similar observations on the madness of the war in Vietnam, although he covered it from Hanoi and I from Saigon. When we met again on assignment in Washington he feared his recall to Prague to face charges for activities during the Russian invasion. When he was brought home he was ordered to write a self-criticism analyzing his errors of conduct and how he would improve if allowed to continue as a correspondent



The Spirit of Prague Spring

for Radio Prague. He wrote a defiant self-criticism and was dismissed.

An architects' firm, managed by men who admired his work as a journalist, offered him a job as an assistant in the urban planning department, even though construction is at a standstill today in Prague. The job is a front and allows my ex-journalist friend to devote almost his full time to organizing and keeping up contacts with dissident and liberal elements. His menial job is worn like a badge of independence.

The night of Lenin's birthday I joined him at a small gathering in a private home. As a bearded folk singer sang Russian songs with insulting Czech lyrics, we toasted Vladimir Ilyich Lenin, with tongue in cheek and bad Egyptian cognac. It was a happy party except for a serious moment when a tape was played—a broadcast of the last free moments of Radio Prague. An announcer was denouncing the Russian invasion while 50-caliber machine-gun bursts could be heard outside the studio. It was a truly spiritual moment for this group of friends. Some eyes welled with tears.

This was a group in their early 30s. For them it would be enough to let their spirits hibernate, for a while at least. One of the men, a professor of Russian history, expressed this feeling: "We are located at the crossroads of Europe, where the fortunes of history ebb and flow. Nothing is permanent. In the 1950s we thought it was forever. Now we know nothing is forever. Our parents lived under six regimes, and the cycles of history are running faster and faster."

Even this optimist does not believe the Soviets are likely to soften their stand on Czechoslovakia in a hurry. He estimated a minimum of ten years before the "clean" government of a modern generation would take over in Moscow. But in the meantime, he believes the present

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regime in Czechoslovakia will need to run the country with some basic rationality. "They can't keep firing all the good people and hope to run the country effectively with the mediocrities that are left." He therefore was not ready to make unnecessary or premature compromises. But he also confided that he is worried sick when his two girls come home from school singing songs that ridicule Alexander Dubcek.

Another group of Czechs I met who are not prepared to accept second-class lives to live in Czechoslovakia are young college graduates in their 20s who in spite of engineering degrees cannot get decent jobs. Jan earns 1,400 korunas per month, the equivalent of $45, as a salesman for a Czech electronics firm selling to foreign buyers. He holds a degree as an electronics engineer, but refuses to attend party meetings organized by his firm. Jan would rather emigrate than compromise, but since emigration is impossible, he stays on to watch his less qualified colleagues mismanage the factory.

Almost every Czech you meet will tell you how the future is most likely to unfold in Czechoslovakia. Some believe the rapid destruction of the economy will lead soon to a general strike, perhaps touched off by a trivial annoyance on a hot day in August. There would be confrontations between workers and police or Czech troops. A possible spark for such a general strike might be struck if the long-pilloried Dubcek were finally brought to trial.

But most Czechs realize that such a strike would only bring out the tanks again, result in the downfall of Husak, who would be replaced by someone like Strougal. Unless the Husak regime misjudges the mood of the country and pushes some unpalatable event, the Czechs are likely to keep their cool this summer.

Some Czechs worry that even the present level of resistance may not be preserved without a concrete goal in sight to justify such holding actions. The present level of defiance and resistance, they say, could perhaps dissipate into sterile nostalgia.

For the time being the Czechs appear to have the tenacity to make their present low-key resistance a habit and seem ready to reactivate the spirit of the Prague Spring when the right moment comes. Until then, they will endure the daily erosions, indignities and compromises that have become a way of life in Czechoslovakia. □

ILLUSIONS OF CONTROL

THE WAR-MAKING MACHINERY

ROBERT J. BRESLER

Mr. Bresler, who has been teaching public policy at Pennsylvania State University (the Capitol Campus), will this fall join the new Cambridge-Goddard Graduate School for Social Change. He is completing a book on war making by the Executive.

Soon after American troops moved into Cambodia, Sen. Jacob Javits warned his Senate colleagues: "The constitutional powers of Congress will remain hypothetical unless we take appropriate steps now to exercise our authority." Proposals soon followed to prohibit the future use of American troops in Cambodia, to repeal the Gulf of Tonkin Resolution, and to require the withdrawal of all American troops from Indo-China by mid-1971. Already Congressional legislation forbids the introduction of American ground combat troops into Laos or Thailand.

Thus, having followed Mr. Johnson into Vietnam and Mr. Nixon into Cambodia, Americans and their political representatives are, for the first time in a generation, seriously questioning the President's role in foreign policy. However, to deal effectively with so profound an issue, Americans will have to go far beyond current mild proposals for restrictions on Executive war making and recall an older tradition for dismantling (not merely limiting) this war-making power. That tradition is rooted in a history of radical and conservative criticism at least two generations old.

The first glimmers of Congressional restiveness were apparent in the summer of 1969. At that time, the Senate passed the National Commitments Resolution calling for Congressional approval of the commitment of troops and financial assistance to any foreign country. The odd coalition of dovish liberals and legalist conservatives which passed the resolution employed arguments similar in tone to those used by Sen. Robert Taft against President Truman's intervention in Korea and deployment of troops to Western Europe. These sentiments were the beginning of a revision of basic concepts of liberal internationalism. The Senate Foreign Relations Committee in its Report on the National Commitments Resolution, for instance, derided "the new generation of foreign policy experts who [encourage] the belief that foreign policy is an occult science which ordinary citizens, including members of Congress, are simply too stupid to grasp." The report condemned the use of crisis diplomacy to place "tremendous pressures upon members of Congress to set aside apprehensions as to the exercise of power by the executive, lest they cause some fatal delay or omission in the nation's foreign policy." In the Senate debate on the resolution, Senator Church denounced bipartisanship as a means "to gather more power into the hands of the President by eliminating between elections any semblance of organized opposition in Congress." Sen. Sam Ervin, a Southern conservative and strict constructionist, declared that the revolt against Executive war making meant simply "that the people will not support forever a policy which is made for them but without them."

The implication of such challenges stands on their heads the old arguments for a powerful Executive. For thirty years, American Presidents have exploited the notions of "expertise," "bipartisanship" and "crisis diplo-

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macy" to secure their own supremacy. Presidential control of experts and information has deprived Congress of resources vital to its formation of independent judgments. Bipartisanship, a liberal canon once used quite skillfully to quarantine Congressional isolationists, has fudged the lines of political responsibility, baffled voters and immobilized serious and sustained Congressional opposition. But the most potent of these weapons, crisis diplomacy, has frightened a Congress reluctant to risk decisions involving war or peace.

Examples abound. The preamble to the Tonkin Resolution speaks of a "deliberate and systematic campaign of aggression that the Communist regime of North Vietnam has been waging against its neighbors." Yet the Congress made no such finding, nor did the State Department until early 1965. What *did* happen in Tonkin in 1964? Or at the 38th Parallel in 1950? Or in Santo Domingo in 1965? Were there threats to our national interest in Formosa in 1955, in the Middle East in 1957, in Cuba in 1961 serious enough to justify the sweeping grants of discretionary power Congress delegated to the President? Historians and ambitious journalists may be able to piece together these events months or years after they occurred, but while they were happening the only facts available were certified by an Executive stamp.

In addition to fearing a recalcitrant and parochial Congress, liberal internationalists and supporters of the Executive state have long feared the vagaries of an aroused public opinion. What if American opinon should one day weary of its global responsibilities and choose "the easy path"? Henry Kissinger, W. W. Rostow and Walter Lippmann, all prominent liberal internationalists of the 1950s, indicated precisely such anxieties. In *Necessity for Choice,* Kissinger warned of Americans' "penchant for choosing the interpretation of current trends which implies the least effort"; Rostow (*The United States in the World Arena*) considered the American people "self-indulgent" because they were apparently so attracted by President Eisenhower's slogan of "peace and prosperity" in the 1956 election; and Lippmann, writing in *The Public Philosophy* in 1955, called public opinion "destructively wrong at the critical junctures . . . and a dangerous master of decision when the stakes are life and death."

These suspicions of the popular mind led to the establishment of institutional arrangements for shaping national security policy in ways which would insulate the "wisdom" of the few from the opinions of the many. Conflicts would be resolved at the top level of leadership and, in the words of V. O. Key, "clusters of public opinion in conflict [would] gradually dissolve because of lack of encouragement from prestigious givers of cues." (*Public Opinion and American Democracy.*)

Dissatisfied with Eisenhower's sluggish leadership, out-of-power liberals argued in the late 1950s for a national security state strengthened through tighter Presidential control, public sacrifice and a revitalization of the chain of command. When they returned to power in the 1960s, there followed the McNamara reforms in the Pentagon and the Churchillian tone of the Kennedy administration. Democracy would be saved, despite itself, from the easy path.

In Vietnam and Cambodia lies bankrupt this elitist thinking and the notion that foreign policy is, at its best, a product of secrecy and expert opinion. Since the Gulf of Tonkin, Americans have been public witness to the indiscriminate and arbitrary use of force, the manipulation of information and the unlimited waste of resources—all in the name of global responsibility and all justified by the transcendent wisdom of Presidential leadership. As Sen. Frank Church recently lamented: "The myth that the Chief Executive is the fount of all wisdom in foreign affairs today lies shattered on the shoals of Vietnam."

Now, after a generation of Executive war making, it begins to be apparent that the major political arguments for Executive domination of foreign policy can be turned against themselves: The destructive force of technology *requires* severe controls on its use rather than its immediate application in time of crisis; the need for expert guidance *requires* its detachment from Executive controls and its use as a public resource. The policy process must be opened up to public scrutiny so as to protect mankind from the "wisdom" of the few.

How did this fascination with Executive power flourish? Americans, especially liberals, should be embarrassed to recall, as Richard Neustadt, author of *Presidential Power,* has acknowledged, that they helped to create the myth which so loosely equated Presidential greatness with the exercise of war powers. A major point of the cold-war consensus, voiced particularly by liberalism and conventional political science, saw a dominant Executive as essential to a modern state and the conduct of contemporary diplomacy. Great Presidents would have to be strong Presidents, and for liberals it was no more than coincidence that strong Presidents invariably became war Presidents.

The liberal academic tradition contributed studies which treated the war-making adventures of our Presidents (be it Theodore Roosevelt's exploits in Panama, Wilson's in Mexico, Franklin Roosevelt's in the North Atlantic, or Truman's in Korea) as creative examples of the use of Executive power.

What this point of view neglected was the fact that these dominant Executives accepted public opinion, particularly in relation to war making, as something to be manipulated or structured, and that they treated Congress as an institution to be circumvented or co-opted. For example: after the negative public reaction to his quarantine-the-aggressor speech, Franklin Roosevelt adjusted only the timing of his policy, not its substance. Harry Truman's landmark decisions to build the H-bomb, rearm Germany, intervene in Korea and cross the 38th Parallel were all made within the insulated and rarified atmosphere of the National Security Council, with Congress offering only some advice and little consent, and the public offering only its prayers. John Kennedy's decisions to sponsor the Bay of Pigs invasion and to increase troop support in Southeast Asia were made unilaterally, if not surreptitiously. Lyndon Johnson's invasions of Vietnam and the Dominican Republic were willed by Executive decree and presented to Congress and the public at large as *faits accomplis.*

Liberal internationalists consistently (as during the

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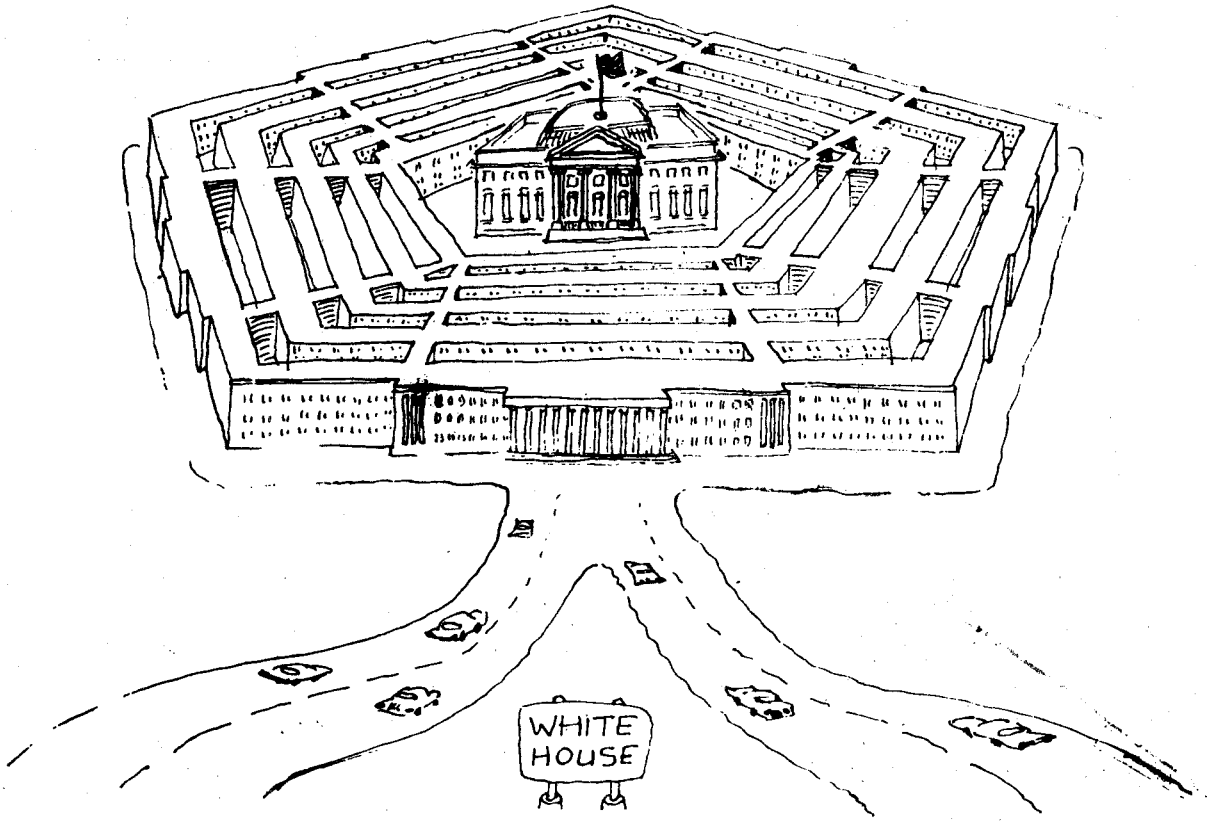

Picha, Brussels

troops-to-Europe and the Bricker Amendment debates) brushed aside attempts by Congressional conservatives to place strong constitutional and legal controls upon the President's conduct of foreign policy. Liberal rhetoric, such as that which permeated the campaigns of Adlai Stevenson and John Kennedy, spoke of national sacrifice and of the Presidential obligation to make the hard choices and to avoid the easy path. The easy path became inevitably equated with peace and compromise; the hard choices involved sustaining costly military programs and unpopular military adventures. This rhetoric, however, never clearly stated that those hard choices required that the Executive be protected from effective Congressional and public scrutiny.

As liberal internationalism became the dominant theme of foreign policy, the President became the capstone of policy and the Congress merely an ornament. It assumed that only the Executive could command the necessary scientific and military advice, determine military requirements, formulate appropriate responses to enemy threats, and thus orchestrate diplomatic and military policy. America's global interests, so the argument ran, needed a decision-making apparatus that would operate with secrecy and dispatch. This required unity of command and a policy determined solely by Presidential control and guidance.

In the face of this internationalism, constitutional arguments for the separation of powers and democratic controls upon foreign policy became irrelevant, if not obstructionist. Congressmen were merely annoying kibitzers who, as Kenneth Waltz has aptly put it in *Foreign Policy and Democratic Politics*, "may harry the officials and the diplomats who need time to think, may frighten them into timidity where boldness is required and block their attempts to move with subtlety to meet complex and shifting situations whose implications most Congressmen are not equipped to comprehend."

The slow and open deliberations of the democratic legislature constituted a threat to an Executive involved in the complicated and clandestine moves of nuclear diplomacy or counterinsurgency warfare. The personification of the disdain of internationalists toward Congress was Secretary of State Dean Acheson. When a Congressional committee began investigating the constitutional propriety of President Truman's decision to garrison troops indefinitely in Western Europe, Acheson admonished them: "The argument as to who has the power to do this, that or the other thing is not exactly what is called for from Americans in this critical juncture." Acheson was hardly alone. George Kennan, often in sharp disagreement with him on substantive matters of policy, shared his impatience with democratic procedures. Upon retiring, Kennan concluded that Congressmen should leave the policy makers and experts "unmolested." Lest we forget the breadth of this consensus, Senator Fulbright in 1961 warned Congress that "for the existing requirements of American foreign policy we have hobbled the President by too niggardly a grant of power." Thus the conventional wisdom of liberal internationalism assumed that American obligations abroad should not be fettered by strict constitutionalism at home.

From this perspective it was required that Congress disregard the concept of checks and balances, as it applied to foreign affairs, and become in fact an appendage of the Executive and an accomplice in an illicit process of con-

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stitutional revision. Congressmen who felt moved to dissent should do so quietly and privately, lest they become heretics. In a classic example, Senator Fulbright lost his influence with President Johnson only when he became a public rather than a private critic of the Vietnamese policy. In *American Political Institutions and Public Policy,* Eugene Eidenburg quotes this frank admission by a White House aide to Johnson:

> Fulbright decided unilaterally to leave the team and take his differences of opinion to the public forum. That is not the way the game is played. The President and his Administration can tolerate differences of opinion but within a structure of dissent that is quietly approached.

By publicly questioning the President's judgment in a moment of assumed emergency and violating "a structure of dissent that is quietly approached," legislators such as Fulbright forfeit any influence they may have on Executive policy.

Where do we go from here? Perhaps a new appreciation for Congress is upon us. Congress remains an anomaly. It is the one major American institution to resist the bureaucratic-managerial norms which pervade our political system and have proven disastrous when applied to foreign affairs. Our bureaucratic foreign policy spawned clandestine wars, as in Laos; and the managerial mentality found the path to Vietnam through its counterinsurgency calculations. Legislative openness, deliberation and delay —characteristic of democratic assemblies and the bane of managerial efficiency—may be the best hope of those who desire a saner foreign policy.

"What would have been on my mind," Senator Church has conjectured, "if President Johnson had said to a joint session of Congress that the government of North Vietnam had by stealth invaded and attacked the government of South Vietnam on a day that would live in infamy? I would have said, 'Where is the evidence?' "

Yet it must be acknowledged that Congressional acquiescence in the expansion of Executive war making stems in large part from the desire *not* to be held politically responsible for crucial decisions. And in spite of the growing new consensus against national commitments made secretly and independently by the Executive, Congressional leadership remains openly in complicity with the national security bureaucracy. Congressional committees on the armed services and on atomic energy jealously guard the privileges of those agencies they are assigned to oversee. In major cold-war crises Congress may continue to shrink from the risks of decision making and permit the President to define both the problem and its solution—invariably in military terms.

Thus, those who hope for a radical redirection of American foreign policy will find little solace in simply transferring the war-making power to Congress. With Executive power lying often within their grasp, liberal Congressmen have been reluctant to challenge its use; and conservatives, single-minded on the question of anti-communism, have been blinded to their own libertarian traditions. It is problematical that the dilemma of Executive war making could be resolved merely by passing new laws, resolutions, or even constitutional amendments. In fact, laws restricting Executive discretion in foreign policy already exist in abundance, and the Constitution itself clearly places the war-making power with Congress.

The arguments for legal controls assume naively that the Executive can be granted all the instruments of war making and then, simply because he lacks the legal authority, be constrained in their use. Again and again we have seen Presidents acting in haste—Korea, Cuba, Santo Domingo, Vietnam, Cambodia—and then sending their legal staffs to serve up some rationale to appease public and Congressional opinion. Power cannot be lavishly granted with one hand and hedged by legal restrictions with the other. Once power configurations are so imbalanced, constitutional guarantees alone cannot reset them.

Public officials often fail to understand this fact. One as knowledgeable in the ways of policy making as Senator Fulbright insists that the Congress should prevent the President "from believing that he has the authority to intervene because we have provided some kind of instrumentality that will enable him to do so." With the same naïveté, the Senate can, in one month, vote overwhelmingly for the National Commitments Resolution inhibiting Presidential power and, in the next month, by similar margin, vote funds for the C-5A transport to provide, according to Sen. John Stennis, "the total for maximum mobility which is an essential element of all our military planning."

Merlo Pusey, author of an otherwise perceptive study of war making, *The Way We Go To War,* betrays a similar myopia. After a careful review of Presidential usurpation from the Greer incident to Tonkin, Pusey concludes that what is needed is a new War Powers Act, which would begin "a new order of teamwork [between President and Congress] in the awful business of committing the country to armed conflict." This would in substance do no more than affirm the constitutional principle that establishes the right of Congress to move troops into combat, and would leave intact the vast military-intelligence machinery that created the disasters of Tonkin and the Bay of Pigs. The recommendations neglect the sorry history of similar legislative controls such as the United Nations Participation Act of 1945. That act, passed as enabling legislation for the United Nations Treaty, requires Congressional approval prior to any authorized use of American troops under United Nations command. When he dispatched American troops to Korea, President Truman simply ignored it and allowed both the act and the Constitution itself to evaporate "in a puff of rhetoric." Other American Presidents, with much the same arrogance, have brushed aside the legal commitments of the Rio Treaty, the United Nations Charter and the SEATO Pact in order to send troops to the Congo, the Dominican Republic, Laos, Thailand, Vietnam and now Cambodia.

While Congress can on occasion expose the Executive to embarrassing public scrutiny, it unfortunately remains an institution encrusted by the seniority system and special-interest politics. Therefore any effort for constitutional revision must simultaneously vie with those institutional pressures which propagate our state of protracted conflict—the corporate linkages with reactionary elites from Greece to Brazil, profligate defense profiteering, and the bureaucratic corruption of expert knowledge.

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The solution, then, is evident. If the Congress is to reclaim its war-making *authority,* it must seek to control the war-making *machinery* and to slow down the process of decision making. The challenge then is to develop procedures which insinuate Congress deep into the very fabric of policy making and, in a sense, force it to accept its constitutional mandate. To do this requires making expert opinion a public resource and information a public commodity. Defense laboratories such as the Lincoln Lab at M.I.T. could be made responsible to Congress, as is the General Accounting Office; it could then provide the legislators with an independent means to evaluate weapons systems.

In the American experience there is a tradition which eschews large standing armies, foreign entanglements, entrenched centralized power and asserts the Congressional prerogative. Possibly a new vision of an open and democratic foreign policy can be defined out of that tradition, so as to hedge power with strong institutional constraints, expose it to public scrutiny and make its application deliberative. Still needed are new public avenues of participation and clear institutional obstacles to Executive domination.

In William Borah and Robert Taft may be found the strands of such a tradition, combining the Populist Left and libertarian Right and confronting directly the problem of war making. It was Senator Taft's amendment to the Selective Service Act of 1940 that restricted the deployment of conscripts beyond the Western Hemisphere; Sens. Gerald Nye and Robert La Follette, Jr., proposed in 1941 a national advisory referendum on whether Congress should approve the use of land, naval and air forces outside the Western Hemisphere; and Sen. Arthur Vandenberg suggested in 1932 a constitutional amendment clearly defining the power of Congress to prevent defense profiteering.

These thoughts—from the Right and Left—went beyond legalism. This legacy and our grim cold-war past should leave no doubt that if we are to avoid the drift into a Napoleonic state, the assignment will be not simply to relocate the war-making power but rather to dismantle it. □

GOV. CLAUDE KIRK

HAVING FUN WITH FLORIDA

ROGER M. WILLIAMS
Mr. Williams is a correspondent on leave from Time-Life News Service. He was formerly chief of the Service's Atlanta bureau, and is the author of Sing a Sad Song: The Life of Hank Williams *(Doubleday).*

The Governor of Florida is doing some worth-while things for his state. If that seems the natural role for a governor, it must be remembered that the Governor of Florida is Claude Roy Kirk, Jr., a man who does things largely for his own benefit or for the hell of it. Kirk, who is now embroiled in a tough campaign for re-election, has made his administration a symbol of the foolish and the unexpected, and at times, as in the recent Manatee County school crisis, of the dangerous as well. But, partly by design, partly by accident, significant changes are taking place. They are sporadic and sometimes obscure; nevertheless, the Florida of today is not the Florida of 1967, when Kirk became Governor.

The list of changes includes the following: a new constitution and governmental reorganization that have strengthened the executive branch and weakened the cabinet system that dominated state government for decades; a breathless, and at times baseless, type of personal governorship that has further strengthened the executive and shown everyone that, as Kirk puts it, "By God, Florida *does* have a governor"; a new governmental involvement in the basic problems of our age, such as pollution and the disadvantaged; and a surging Republican Party that has given Florida the most vigorous two-party system in the Old Confederacy.

Florida has a popular image, fostered by Claude Kirk and legions of other boosters, as an upbeat, progressive state where people live in health and happiness. In reality, Florida faces all the problems of contemporary America, plus special ones like migrant workers and how to finance state government without an income tax. It is a long stretch from the glitter of Miami Beach to the scrubby wastes of Gadsden County; from the space-age technology of Cape Kennedy to the outdated methods of much of the state's agricultural industry; from the social life of Palm Beach and Hobe Sound to the Social Security existence of thousands of retirees in drab, sunbaked little towns. Claude Kirk has not narrowed these gaps but he has created among people in both worlds a new interest in their government. When Kirk is your leader, it is hard not to be interested in government. A political organizer who is not a Kirk fan admits: "He has really shaken things up. This state had gone along for so long under incestuous Democratic control. Now this guy is fighting with everybody, and that's been good for Florida."

By and large it *has* been good, although there are those who question whether Kirk's politics of promotion can ever on balance improve a state. "Kirk is totally without self-discipline," says LeRoy Collins, the able and relatively liberal former governor. "This is all just a loose, reckless game with him, and the state comes out the loser much too often."

Being governor is indeed a loose and at times reckless game with Kirk, but the mixture of his abilities and Florida's needs has nonetheless yielded some positive results. They have sometimes been the by-product of a

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frivolous Kirk venture, and this infuriates as well as frustrates opponents. It also makes sensitive observers of the Florida scene fear that, at almost any time, Kirk's brand of self-aggrandizement *cum* benefits will lapse into plain self-aggrandizement. For with Claude Kirk, demagogy is never far away. He is still every bit the smooth, egotistical promoter he was when he confounded Florida pundits by winning the governorship four years ago. Indeed, he is the same promoter he was when he built a successful insurance company (American Heritage Life, in Jacksonville) at a time when half the businessmen in Florida were pushing insurance; when he boosted himself, without previous investment management experience, into a vice presidency at Hayden, Stone, Inc.; and when he not only rode out but actually capitalized on the rapid series of events surrounding his marriage to his present wife, Erika: divorce from his first wife after a spicy trial whose details were at least rumored, appearance at his inaugural ball with Erika, her quickie Mexican divorce, his temporary excommunication from the Episcopal Church—all at the time he was preparing, as Florida's first Republican governor in ninety-four years, to confront a Democratic legislature and cabinet that were ready to chew him to pieces.

Kirk is conceded by friend and foe to possess almost superhuman political powers. Newspaper men write continually about how he turns defeat into victory. Politicians marvel at his stamina, his brass, his luck, and his reputation as both a ladies' man and a drinker. Kirk glories in this attention and tries hard to live up to the image it creates. The result can be tiresome and a little pathetic. Kirk frequently comes on as an overgrown sophomore, the class wit. He specializes in put-downs, put-ons, and cornball expressions and accents ("Holy moley," he exclaims, in heavy Amos and Andy tones).

Politicians by nature pay more attention to form than to substance, but Kirk pretends there is no such thing as substance. His perspective on issues shuttles from visionary to small bore, with not much in between. Thus he can trumpet Miami's future as a world capital of the supersonic age ("another Rome, another Paris") and defend his Governor's Club (a slush fund that has raised $420,000 for his promotions of Florida and Kirk) without addressing himself to the ethical question of an elective official having such a fund. He brushes aside attempts to solicit his views on pressing national problems with a quip or a simple statement of support for President Nixon's position on the matter.

Kirk is characterized as a "political animal," a term popular in the South since George Wallace became a major figure. It is tempting to call any good politician a political animal, but while Wallace is one, Kirk is not. He is neither systematic enough nor disciplined enough. He is his own animal, as close to a free spirit as can be found in high elective office. He differs widely from the traditional breed of Southern political demagogues, the Wallaces and the Talmadges. He is more akin to Huey Long in his free-wheeling style and his abstention from race baiting (his intervention in Manatee County was a break from his previous actions on the race issue, which have been moderate and at times progressive). But Kirk differs dramatically from all these men in his way of life, which amounts to disdain for the folkways and an embrace of the upper-middle-class mores. From his two-tone saddle oxfords to his cultivated voice to his taste for fine wine, fine china and jet-set society, Kirk is an unblushing, unapologetic pursuer of the good life.

Such a pursuit violates political maxims by the handful, but Kirk gets away with it. One reason why he can do so is the nature of Florida politics. The state's governors, hamstrung by a system of extreme checks and balances, have been a drab lot. The last one before Kirk who had color was Fuller Warren, "the Barefoot Boy from Blountstown" (Blunstun, he pronounced it), who held the office from 1949 to 1952. So Floridians crave, however secretly, a governor with style, even a style that relies heavily on promotional pizazz. In addition, the state's electorate includes a large percentage of retired people and other first-generation residents who are not attuned to the old, staid ways of Florida's gubernatorial politics; a fresh face and novel approach appeal to them.

The second and more important reason for his success is Kirk's ability to make an unorthodox style politically attractive. He is not too upper drawer in his approach to the folks; just enough so to capitalize on their preference for a man who is clearly "better" than they, but not too much nor too demonstrably better. It is a tightrope for a politician to walk, and Kirk walks it with seldom a faltering step. His ability showed clearly when he addressed a recent meeting of the St. Petersburg chapter of the Wyoming Antelope Club, an all-male group of sportsmen that runs the socio-economic gamut from company president to stock clerk. Kirk rankled the Antelopes by speaking to them on bussing rather than on conservation, but he put the speech across with a masterful blend of ingredients: a jocular lead anecdote about his hunting feats in Wyoming; a throwaway line, "we ex-Marines," to establish rapport with the patriots in the group; repeated digs at the press, particularly the local St. Petersburg *Times*; a straight-faced statement that a speech on bussing is not "political" but "constitutional," and a bit of flummery, which drew fervent applause, about "some of our rights and freedoms, which lately appear to be in danger of being consigned as nothing more than fond memories to rest forever in our nation's archives." All this was delivered in a rich, resonant voice, with an assortment of dramatic gestures and pauses.

Kirk's nonstop promotional sideshow has distracted most Floridians from the meaningful changes that have been taking place in state government. Some, like the improvement of services to the disadvantaged and the infusion of fresh blood into stale departments, are essentially Kirk's doing. Others, like the passage of a sorely needed new constitution and the consequent reorganization of state government, were not initiated by him, but Kirk has supported and taken advantage of them.

The new constitution, adopted in 1968 to replace a document drafted eighty-three years earlier, gave the

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governor the right to succeed himself. It also put the legislature on annual sessions. The latter change not only provided Florida with the kind of lawmaking system any modern state needs but also had two other important results: it made the legislative process a continuing operation, with standing committees, special studies and the like; and it enabled the legislature to gain some of the power that had long been exercised by the cabinet, which in effect had run the state between biennial legislative sessions. Florida now has, according to independent observers of state governments, one of the half dozen best-staffed and most effective legislatures in the nation.

Governmental reorganization was equally important to Florida. Its unique cabinet system, in the opinion of nearly everyone but the cabinet members themselves, was crippling state government. The cabinet, which includes the attorney general, secretary of state, state treasurer and three department heads, as well as the governor, controlled governmental operations so thoroughly that Florida government was often referred to as the "seven governor system." The members sit on different boards and commissions, and their influence therefore extends well beyond their own departments. They are elected statewide, like the governor, and develop broad-based support and political debts. But unlike the governor, they have always been able to succeed themselves, a privilege which gave the other six cabinet members a clear advantage of continuity over the chief executive.

Reorganization, rammed through the legislature by a coalition of Republicans and urban Democrats, took a good deal of power away from the cabinet and gave it to the governor. Several major departments and functions—including Health and Rehabilitation Services, budgeting, planning, personnel, pollution and the newly created Department of Commerce—were made either the sole or primary responsibility of the governor. Health and Rehabilitation Services, one of his primary responsibilities, is far and away the largest department in state government, with 24,000 employees and an annual budget of some $400 million. The reorganization has been called the most far-reaching change in Florida government since the Civil War, and believers in a strong state executive—Claude Kirk is one of them—have been rejoicing over its enactment.

To fill the post of secretary (director) of Health and Rehabilitation Services, Kirk chose an aggressive young Ph.D. named James A. Bax, who appears genuinely concerned about the recipients of his department's services. Bax has talked until the early morning hours with inmates at Raiford state prison, and recently he spent a day wandering through migrant labor camps and talking to mothers on welfare. He administers a state drug program that, despite Kirk's castigation of Margaret Mead ("dirty old lady") for advocating legalized marijuana, promises to be one of the most comprehensive and sensible in the nation. "Partisan politics have had nothing to do with the running of this department," Bax says, and that seems generally to be the case. "The Governor has never, never restrained me. In fact, he's backed me up on several things I couldn't have gotten away with otherwise."

Gov. Claude Roy Kirk, Jr.

Kirk's watchdog of environmental pollution, who works directly under him, is a tall, thin young millionaire named Nathaniel Reed. Thoroughly New England Ivy League in background and manner, Reed looks startlingly out of place in Tallahassee, but he is one of the darlings of the administration. A dollar-a-year man, he dashes around the state sounding the alarm for conservation and clean-up. Reed has grappled with a number of Florida's conservation problems, including beach erosion, aquatic weed infestation (which last year cost the state an estimated $75 million in economic growth), and preservation of the Everglades. The Governor came out against a proposed Everglades jetport, reversing his earlier stand, and the project was defeated. He now advocates such steps as increasing sixfold the maximum fine for violating state pollution laws and upgrading garbage and sewage disposal facilities to decrease their ill effects on the environment. Kirk has given little indication that he would yield to Florida's special interests in his anti-pollution campaign, but the real tests lie ahead.

Kirk is also, at last, learning to live with the legislature and to develop a meaningful legislative program. He and the legislators, Republican as well as Democratic, have spent three years clawing at one another, agreeing on little more than the new constitution and governmental reorganization. That is substantially Kirk's fault. He startled and angered the legislators by taking the oc-

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casion of his inaugural address to call a special session. Then he allegedly double-crossed them on a proposed legislative pay raise. Legislative leaders had passed a bill that technically would have increased their pay from $1,200 to $12,000 a year (in fact, because of supplementary pay they were already receiving, the raise would have been much smaller), and they felt sure of Kirk's support. But when waves of public protest hit his office, the Governor vetoed the raise. Relations between Kirk and the legislators are still far from good: they have hounded him, quite justifiably, for lavish use of state funds and for his perpetuation of the Governor's Club, which supports his expensive tastes in travel and entertainment. He, in turn, rarely passes up the opportunity for a verbal slap at the legislators. But the animosity has lessened, and in his State address last spring, Kirk went out of his way to cultivate legislative listeners. In that address, he for the first time outlined a full legislative program, and it brought praise from all but his most relentless detractors.

Kirk turns out ideas and programs as a pinwheel gives off sparks, and some of them die almost that quickly; but friend and foe alike admire his ability to keep the pinwheel spinning. Says state Sen. Bill Beaufort, who served a spell in the Kirk administration: "Kirk is the greatest con artist I've ever seen." Kirk relishes the sudden, dramatic gesture—like facing down Rap Brown at a black militant rally in Jacksonville three years ago; like flying into a state prison to scoop up two 14-year-olds who had been sentenced to jail with adults ("a couple of Huck Finns," he called them, and he assigned them to one of the Halfway House correctional centers he has established). And like intervening personally in a Palm Beach rock festival early this year, to "make sure there were adequate sanitary facilities and police protection" and, not incidentally, to grab a few headlines.

In fact, Kirk has an unappeasable urge to startle people, especially reporters. He enjoys castigating this or that public figure and watching the reaction. His favorite target at the moment is Sen. Birch Bayh, the liberal Indianan who led the successful fight against G. Harrold Carswell's nomination to the Supreme Court. "Terre Haute's the biggest open city in America," Kirk declares, with a malicious grin, "and Bayh has never done anything about it. Yet he holds himself out as the great moral conscience of America."

Kirk's record is peppered with small, unconnected successes. He "took the roads out of politics"—something for which all state politicians like to take credit—by staggering the terms of road board members and appointing a professional engineer to head the highway department. He made Florida the eighth state to create a Department of Transportation. He has initiated "Operation Concern," a program to attack the problems of the poor in Florida's major cities. As part of that project, Kirk periodically visits each city for an informal and well-ballyhooed tour of the slums. Says state Sen. Bob Saunders of Gainesville, which was made a pilot project for "Operation Concern": "Some good certainly comes from these visits. Any time the Governor shows up it helps highlight problems and enlist efforts to solve them. But I can't for the life of me point to one single thing positive that's resulted."

An "unrelenting war on crime" is one of Kirk's proudest boasts. It was in pursuit of that war that he established, in 1967, his now famous Wackenhut private police force, which aroused legislative and public indignation by snooping around Florida with only the Governor's sanction behind them. The Wackenhuts have ceased their snooping, and most Kirk supporters would rather forget the whole affair; for one thing, Kirk still owes George Wackenhut about $190,000, and no one knows where the money will come from. Kirk points to some positive results from the Wackenhut forays: establishment of a state Bureau of Law Enforcement and of statewide standards and centralized training for policemen; removal from office of a number of Florida's worst local officials, including sheriffs; stepped-up action against organized crime in Dade County (Miami) where several dozen cases are being prosecuted by a special team of state attorneys. Still, there is little evidence that the real kingpins of Florida crime have even been frightened by Kirk's "war."

The Governor can hardly claim to have stopped "forced bussing" of Florida schoolchildren (his admen created a campaign poster that says he did), but he has pushed the issue for all it is worth. A chronology of his anti-bussing activities, distributed by his office, covers five typewritten pages and includes two dozen examples of what Kirk proudly calls "personal interventions." The personal interventions reached a high point in Manatee County in March, when Kirk usurped the powers of local school authorities and confronted the federal courts.

The speech which he gave on the subject to the St. Petersburg chapter of the Wyoming Antelope Club, written by press aide Russell Stratton and edited by Kirk, presented his basic case against "forced bussing," a slickly pejorative term calculated to outrage red-blooded believers in American freedoms. Kirk solemnly told the Antelopes that he was fighting for freedom "from being herded like a bunch of cattle across a city—or even across an entire county—for a purpose which is not even remotely related to education. . . . It is a question of whether our children shall be free from a cruel concept, or whether they will be its captive." This kind of rhetoric plays on the deepest fears and resentments of white parents, and Kirk followed it with his nonsensical declaration that the issue of bussing "is not complicated by the issue of integration—which is really no longer an issue." Bussing, "forced" or otherwise, never was any kind of issue until it *did* involve integration.

Kirk sprung on the Antelopes one of his favorite, and most dubious, claims—that "Florida is in a greater posture of [civil rights] compliance than any state in this nation." He says that the statement is supported by "my own personal knowledge and information." Boosters and anti-integrationists all, the Antelopes applauded heartily. Kirk said the turmoil in Florida over bussing was not of his making but was somehow the fault of "the very nature and bad structure of our educational management system," which had produced "no real coordinated efforts to head off forced bussing." That task had been left to

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him, and as a result, ". . . you and I, Floridians, [are] setting the pace for America." He concluded with words of cheer from the commandant to the embattled troops: "Things are beginning to look up. The President of the United States is against forced bussing. The Congress of the United States is against forced bussing. The legislature of Florida is against forced bussing. And 80 per cent of the people across the nation—according to Mr. Gallup—are against forced bussing. With that kind of support, it's hard to see how we can lose."

The bussing issue, Kirk likes to say, must be put in a larger context of "quality education." He says bussing is a waste of time and resources: "you want to spend money on bussing children. I want to spend it on teaching children to *build* a bus or do something else useful. Bussing is simply not answering the living need of this nation, which is that too many of our children are not prepared to *do* anything." Kirk is disturbed by Florida's school dropout rate, which he says amounts to one-third of each year's new enrollment. His solution is to institute new "curriculum attitudes" that will vary from city to city and from time to time, depending on local needs. He admits this is still in the idea stage. Meanwhile, Kirk faces the hostility, which may be felt at the polls, of Florida's public school teachers, whose statewide strike he bitterly fought in 1968.

Kirk made his first big splash on school desegregation by appealing to the U.S. Supreme Court to decide the issue of "forced bussing." The Court denied his appeal. Soon thereafter, he threatened to cut off state aid to any Florida school district implementing a desegregation plan that included "forced bussing." The first test came in Volusia County, where Kirk not only threatened to suspend complying school officials but called for the impeachment of the federal judge who had ordered bussing. The judge withdrew from the case, but Kirk's assault nonetheless fizzled.

Manatee County, a sleepy spot on the Gulf Coast, was a different story. Manatee's schools had been ordered to integrate by April 6, using a federal court-drawn plan that involved the bussing of about 2,600 students to achieve a satisfactory racial balance. The Supreme Court denied Kirk's request for a stay of the Manatee order. The Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals granted him permission to file a friend of the court brief, but that was not nearly enough intervention for the Governor. When U.S. district judge Ben Krentzman rejected his motion to become an actual party to the case, Kirk took the Manatee matter into his own hands. In the space of a few days, he declared the desegregation order void, suspended the Manatee school board and superintendent, and assumed their duties himself, resuspended them when the court reinstated them, told his men to resist federal marshals seeking to enforce the order, appealed to the Supreme Court, and got himself into and out of contempt of court.

When the smoke cleared, the Manatee County situation had not changed. Children were bussed to school, as the court had directed, with little difficulty, and local citizens were left wondering what in God's name all the fuss had been about. Kirk knows what it is about: making political points through "saving" schoolchildren. He claims he suspended the school officials in order to "get into the case." And why did he have to get into the case? To force the bussing issue upon the Supreme Court, he says, by making the Manatee situation a dispute between a state and the federal government.

Kirk's legal argument is flimsy at best. He had no legitimate role in the case. The litigation was already in progress, and as Albert M. Sacks, a Harvard Law School authority on legal procedure, puts it, "The state had no special interest that was not being fully represented by the defendants." If Kirk simply had to get involved, he could have filed another friend of the court brief or supported the local officials in their appeal to a higher court. His attempt to get the Supreme Court to accept the case on original jurisdiction was doomed to failure, and the governor's legal advisers must have known that. The high court, as Professor Sacks points out, has already "made it perfectly clear that it will not exercise original jurisdiction in school desegregation suits." The Court said as much several days after the Manatee crisis, when it curtly rejected Kirk's motion to transfer the case to it from Judge Krentzman's jurisdiction. Thus Kirk was left in a league with Faubus, Wallace and Barnett, the futile defiers of federal integration orders.

Asked about the politics of Manatee, Kirk says scornfully, "I don't give a damn about the politics." Obviously he does give a damn, if only because he is up for reelection next month and faces serious opposition in both the primary and general elections. Kirk maintains that "forced bussing will be moot as an issue long before the election." Nobody else seems to think so, not even his chief political strategist, Robert E. Lee. Lee calls bussing "a hell of an emotional issue in America" and says that "without any question" it will be an issue in the Florida gubernatorial campaign. All the candidates will come out against "forced bussing," Lee concedes, but only Kirk will be able to say he has tried to stop it.

Kirk has two opponents in the Republican primary, state Sen. L. A. Bafalis and millionaire drugstore owner Jack Eckerd. He could easily have drawn even more primary opponents, for he has managed to alienate many influential members of his own party. The first major strain came in the spring of 1968, when Kirk tried to overthrow state chairman William Murfin and national committeeman William Cramer, who is also the senior member of the state's GOP delegation. He failed, and the scars from that struggle have yet to heal. Then he loudly and stubbornly supported the Presidential candidacy of Nelson Rockefeller, becoming the only one of Florida's thirty-four convention delegates to vote for Rockefeller's nomination. Kirk's motive was ingenuously simple: he hoped Rockefeller would take him as the Vice Presidential candidate; it was also naive, for Rockefeller never seriously entertained that idea. To Florida Republicans who were all out for Nixon (the President carried the state with a smashing 210,000-vote margin), Kirk's action was heretical and blatantly self-serving. The veto of the legislative pay raise damaged Kirk with Republican legislators. The loss of money was not so important to them as their loss of prestige; they had assured their Democratic colleagues of Kirk's support.

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Feelings ran so high that Republicans booed Kirk as he left the House chamber after reading his veto message.

It is ironic that Kirk could stir such intra-party animosity only three years after his election, for that victory was the most important event in Florida's Republican Party history. "Ten years ago, even five, you couldn't get anybody to run for statewide office as a Republican," says state party treasurer George Anderson. "Kirk's victory showed Florida voters that the Republican primary could be a meaningful election." In Florida's post-reapportionment legislative election of 1967, the GOP made sizable gains, increasing its number from two to twenty in the Senate and from ten to thirty-nine in the House.

Senator Bafalis, a conservative from Palm Beach,, is not much of a threat to Kirk in the primary, but Jack Eckerd is. Eckerd, 56, is an earnest, attractive businessman who owns about 170 drugstores, most of them in Florida, plus a number of department stores and a private detective agency. He has had little involvement in state politics, but he has put together an impressive campaign organization; it is headed by Murfin, who is given much of the credit for building the Republican Party in Florida. The Democratic nominee this year will come from a field that includes state Senate President John Matthews, state Sen. Reubin Askew, Atty. Gen. Earl Faircloth and Chuck Hall, the Mayor of Miami's Metro government. Faircloth is considered ahead at this point. He and Kirk are bitter political opponents.

With the Democrats holding a 4-to-1 edge in registration, Kirk needs all the party unity he can get. Yet last spring he drove the wedge between party factions deeper, in a gamble to capitalize on the popularity of Harrold Carswell. When Carswell, denied a seat on the Supreme Court, announced that he would run for the Senate, Kirk moved quickly to take advantage of the decision. He helped secure the blessing of the White House for the Carswell candidacy. Then he stage-managed the announcement, secretly transporting the Carswell entourage to the Miami press conference in his campaign DC-3, and sitting solemnly at the judge's side while he made his announcement. Kirk's move further alienated the faction of the Florida party that centers on Congressman Cramer, who was already in the Senate race and refused to be pushed out. But it also placed Carswell unmistakably in Kirk's faction and thereby put Kirk in position to reap some of the judge's bipartisan appeal. The strength of that appeal is uncertain. It was initially assumed that Carswell, having been martyred by the Senate and canonized by the White House, would roll over Cramer. However, Cramer has been holding his own, and the outcome of the race is uncertain.

The Florida primary will be held on September 8. That is also the day when the state's schools reopen, and Kirk's opponents fear he will take advantage of the coincidence by issuing an emotional blast against "forced bussing." It is impossible to determine how much coattail riding Kirk really needs. He seems to have strong support among the ordinary folks in both parties, and a number of his political opponents say that if the election were held today he would win handily. If Kirk does win again, he no doubt would like to use the victory as a springboard to higher office. But which higher office? The Presidency and Vice Presidency are safe from his grasp at the moment and, although he is only 44 years old, he probably will have burned himself out politically by the time either comes open.

What if Kirk loses this fall? "He doesn't have enough depth to stick it out and make a comeback," says a man who has closely followed Kirk's career. "He'd probably drop out of public sight and go back to having a good time." But Claude Kirk is having the best time of his life right now, and he will fight hard to remain as governor. If he makes it, Florida can only hope that a few worthwhile things continue to happen along the way. □

PUBLIC UTILITIES

A PATH THROUGH THE MAZE

ROBERT W. DIETSCH
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Privately owned utilities (electric, gas and telephone companies) in forty states today are petitioning state and municipal utility commissions for rate increases that would cost consumers $2 billion a year. If history means anything, 75 per cent of these requests will be granted, and thus utility bills will go up about $1.5 billion. Americans today already shell out $45 billion annually for electric, gas and telephone service.

The utilities, in pleading their cases, cite soaring interest, labor and supply costs. They will supply "for the record," as the saying goes, a myriad of statistics, and they will appear before the commissions with charts, expert witnesses, economists, security analysts, accountants, all striving to show that unless rates go up the company's rate of return will fall below what is considered "fair." Good enough, but the critical questions arise: who will speak for the consumer, who will adequately analyze the companies' contentions and statistics? Not only who will but who can? The answer is: not very many persons will and not very many can. Sen. Lee Metcalf (D., Mont.) is now taking at least first steps to remedy this situation.

It's no secret that state and municipal utility commissions are understaffed, underpaid, undermotivated. But not until recently have the dimensions of these shortcomings been defined. The emerging picture shows that with very few exceptions state utility commissions cannot perform even a perfunctory job of supervising and regulating utilities within their jurisdictions, and are in no position

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to judge whether rate increases (or, for that matter, rate decreases) are justified. To offer just one pertinent statistic, before going into details, in the last decade utility commissions in the fifty states and the District of Columbia spent a mere $1.8 million to hire outside consultants knowledgeable in the utility field. Giant utilities sometimes spend almost that much to argue a single rate case.

Federal agencies regulate wholesale electric and gas rates and long-distance telephone rates. Retail utility rate regulation is in states' hands, and their practices vary widely. In Texas, Minnesota and South Dakota there are no state regulatory commissions; matters are left to municipalities. The Senate Subcommittee on Intergovernmental Relations has summarized the situation:

> Annual expenditures for commissions totaled approximately $50 million. One state spent $9 million (California), another $5.7 million (New York), eleven other states more than $1 million. Twenty-seven states spent less than $500,000, including three below $100,000 (Alaska, Delaware and Kentucky). Our survey showed that most state commissions were charged with regulation of dozens, and in many cases, hundreds, of electric, gas, telephone, telegraph and water companies, in addition to hundreds, and in some cases, thousands of transportation utilities or carriers. From twenty to thirty of the commissions had two or fewer employees in the following key categories: attorneys, rate analysts, engineers, accountants. More than half of the commissions had no security analyst. Five of the states had one or more economists on their staffs. Relatively few professional staff members received salaries above $11,000 annually.

Only five states required that commission members have "specific professional educational requirements." Of 158 commission members responding to another survey, 131 said they had had no previous experience with a regulatory commission. Only two states, California and Wisconsin, use computers to collect, store and analyze data on utility companies. As the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* noted in an editorial: "When a utility wants a rate increase it comes to the state regulatory commission loaded with facts and arguments prepared by an expert staff. The commission has no such staff to consider it and the consumer has no one at all to represent him and her in the proceedings."

Senator Metcalf puts it this way: "The small staffs of the state utility commissions and the commissioners themselves, encumbered by the constant and tender loving care of utility officials, are in no position to be tough advocates for the consumer in the crucial issues of rates, reliable service and environmental protection." He feels that "most regulation of our essential monopoly industries is mythical. . . . In state after state, the utilities dominate the state commissions that are supposed to regulate them."

The Senate subcommittee, in twenty-one days of hearings on utility regulations, was told of specific cases of commission understaffing and overwork. Commissioner Dick Herbert of Arizona: "Our Commission is very large in its jurisdictional boundaries. We take in securities and insurance and incorporating and a few other things, but in the utilities division I think there are fourteen people, a portion of which is secretarial help. We have no attorneys. . . . We have no economists. We have no full-time CPA. We have one registered civil engineer. . . . The Arizona Public Service Co. has employees that serve in key positions in the state legislature"—which legislature, he said, "failed to provide funds for an outside accountant requested by the commission, or an engineering study."

The Illinois Commerce Commission employs twenty engineers, seventeen accountants, eleven rate analysts, sixty-five inspector-investigators. That sounds like a good-sized staff, but the commission is responsible for regulation of twenty-four gas utilities, fourteen power companies, eighty-eight telephone companies, 136 water companies, seven steam companies, sixty-seven railroads, fifty-eight motor carriers, four airlines, 876 contract carrier trucking companies and 9,516 common carrier trucks. In six years, the state's commission approved more than $3 billion worth of utility securities, but it does not have a single security analyst on its staff. In Pennsylvania, a "Consumer Protection Bill" (enacted when Mrs. Virginia Knauer, President Nixon's consumer affairs adviser, held a similar position in the state) explicitly precludes the intervention of a consumer advocate during a rate hearing case.

Not only does the size of state commissions vary greatly; the rates and utility profit levels are often based on different criteria. Twenty-eight commissions, according to the Senate subcommittee study, maintain that the value of the rate base should be its depreciated original cost. Twelve commissions generally hold that the rate of return should be based on the "fair value" of the rate base. One commission establishes a rate base on the basis of the "reproduction cost less new observed depreciation." Four states use variations of these methods. The size of the rate base, and thus the amount of revenue generated under any given rate of return, tends to be higher in states which use "fair value" or similar concepts rather than actual costs incurred by the utilities. Policy among states varies widely regarding the inclusion of items other than plant and equipment in the rate base.

A controversial issue in this respect is whether utilities should be allowed to include advertising and public relations fees in figuring costs. There is little doubt that most utilities step up advertising and public relations campaigns when their applications and hearings are pending, or when they are floating bond issues.

Dr. Edward R. Willett, chairman of the Massachusetts Consumers Council and chairman of Northeastern University's Finance and Insurance Department, has complained: "It is to me simply astounding that the private utilities' side of a rate case is financed from consumer-paid operating expenses, but no provision is made through the rate structure for any similar financing of the consumers' side."

No one in Washington is suggesting the federal government regulate retail utility rates. But Senator Metcalf has introduced a bill which would help erase some of the present imbalances. His bill has been called "the most important consumer protection proposal, measured in dollars, being now urged in Congress." Its three main proposals would:

(*1*) Require utilities to report to federal regulatory bodies (and thus to Congress and the public) additional

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information "which is pertinent to regulation and to public understanding of utility rates and procedures." Names of owners, officials, major stockholders, for example. Also, more facts on plant and equipment worth.

(2) Create, at the federal, state and local levels, "Utility Consumer Councils" to represent the interests of utility consumers before regulatory commissions. Senator Metcalf would have Congress appropriate annually a budget equal to one-tenth of 1 per cent of all utility bills —or about $45 million a year for these consumer advocate offices. This is the amount which utilities donate each year to charity.

(3) Establish a grant program to finance study of regulatory matters.

The Senator contends "the bill will not work hardship on any utility. It is designed to provide utility consumers the tools to obtain fair rates." It is, in truth, a mild bill, but it is having tough sledding. The utilities are opposed and so are conservative members of the subcommittee, led by Sen. Sam J. Ervin, Jr., of North Carolina.

Only a handful of states have a consumer council office to intervene in utility rate cases. Virginia recently authorized the state attorney general to intervene in such matters, but gave him not a cent to work with. Virginia's largest city, Norfolk, recently considered attempting to get reductions in electric and telephone rates, but abandoned the idea because, as one official said, "we cannot afford to represent the people of Virginia; it is too expensive, too complicated a subject for one city to take on."

The consumer is even forgotten in rate cases that come before federal regulatory commissions. According to Ed Berlin, counsel for the Consumers Federation of America, when the Federal Power Commission heard the Natural Gas Pipeline of America case, the company in arguing the rate return issue "presented eight witnesses, including two distinguished economic consultants, a prominent New York investment banker, the vice president of a large insurance company, a bank president and top vice presidents of Natural Gas Pipeline and its corporate parent, Peoples Gas Light & Coke Co. The case was assembled and coordinated by five lawyers, all of them utility specialists from a prestigious Chicago law firm. . . . In 1967, the company reported it spent $304,504 for regulatory commission expenses, almost all relating to Federal Power Commission rate proceedings. . . . Aside from the commission's staff, the only active consumer representation was undertaken by the city of Chicago. The city retained the services of a small Washington consulting firm and presented one witness on rate of return. It was represented by lawyers from the city's corporation counsel's office, none of whom was a specialist in the complex and technical rate-making area."

It might be argued that in federal regulatory bodies, the commission staff members are, in effect, consumer councils. But former Federal Power Commissioner Charles Ross has noted: "One of the critical factors in this whole game is the staff's position if there are no intervenors [for the public]. If the staff all by itself opposes the commission and the commission overrules staff, staff is completely helpless to do anything about the commission's decision. The staff cannot appeal a case."

Senator Metcalf would have the consumer councils not only intervene on behalf of the public but prepare model regulatory legislation which states and municipalities might adopt in place of present outdated and inadequate law. Forty-five state regulatory statutes and commissions were created between 1880 and 1919, in an era where the utility industry operated in much different ways and used much different equipment and procedures than it does today. James L. Oakes, former attorney general for Vermont, has termed utility regulation legislation "an esoteric field. There is, after all, no model law on which to base fresh legislative proposals. It is specialized knowledge largely confined to a few private and a few public lawyers, economists and engineers." Even the private utilities endorsed this section of Senator Metcalf's bill. Testified William Crowley, executive vice president of the American Gas Association: "It would be wonderful if we could do something to stimulate public utility departments or teach public utility courses in our major universities, because we need a backlog of people both in our utility companies and in our regulatory staffs."

Nowhere does Senator Metcalf or the advocates of his ideas assert that utilities are overcharging, are currently seeking those $2 billion worth of rate increases merely to fatten their private purses. However, that implication hangs in the air, and will continue to do so until proponents are equally matched in rate hearings, until regulatory commissions are better informed, better staffed and, probably, better paid. The little evidence that is available tends to indicate that utilities—particularly electric—are earning more than the allowed rate of return.

The Senate subcommittee survey concluded that the "average allowed rate of return reported [by twenty-nine utility commissions] was 6.14 per cent. The median was 6.11 per cent." In 1965, the actual rate of return for 192 principal electric utilities was 7.39 per cent. In view of recent record-high interest rates which any borrower must pay, this figure may be misleading. Utilities are heavy borrowers, and interest rates bulk large in their costs. Nonetheless, it is worth pointing out that the Defense Department has asked the Federal Communications Commission to investigate complaints that several telephone and telegraph companies have been overcharging the government by more than $20 million for communication services. Senator Metcalf says: "My bill is designed to provide utility consumers with rights declared to be theirs in the Presidential consumer messages of 1962, 1964, 1968 and 1969—the right to be informed, the right to be heard." □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Men of Letters

THE VAN WYCK BROOKS—LEWIS MUMFORD LETTERS: A Record of a Literary Friendship, 1921-1963. *Edited by Robert E. Spiller. E. P. Dutton & Co. 461 pp. $12.95.*

ALAN TRACHTENBERG
Mr. Trachtenberg teaches at Yale University. His latest book is Democratic Vistas, 1860-1880 (*Braziller*).

The quality of personal friendship among writers is at least one measure of the literary life of a period. Both Hawthorne and Henry James understood this, and complained about the absence of a nourishing literary atmosphere in America. Great works may indeed emerge from isolation—many of the classics of American literature bear such marks—but a writer needs the sustenance of a vigorous, a confident, and especially a friendly community.

Early in the 20th century such an atmosphere seemed in the making as a common spirit of rebellion against "puritanism" and "gentility," and of promise for the future of American culture brought many diverse talents together in little magazines and miscellanies, in manifestoes and movements. What happened to this ferment in the 1920s, how it reacted to the politicized atmosphere of the 1930s, and how the terms of expectation regarding American culture seemed to disintegrate during the intellectual "terror" of the postwar period, is a history that asks to be written.

One would have expected the correspondence between Van Wyck Brooks and Lewis Mumford to make a significant contribution toward a history of the literary life of the past fifty years. Both were prolific writers of books and letters, both scholars and historians who worked outside the academy. They had wide associations with major literary figures, and they shared a general point of view toward the cultural past and contemporary society. Moreover they were friends: an obvious affection and sympathy passed between them. But the volume of their letters, as interesting and engaging as it is, in the end falls short of its promise as an illumination of a period.

The problem is not eased by Professor Spiller's editing; he has given the volume a shape which tends to conflate the separate and very different careers of these men. "Letters have been chosen, cut, arranged, and paragraphed in such a way," writes Spiller, "as to allow them to tell the single connected story of the joint quest for the origins, meanings, evolution, and future of American culture as a rebirth of the heritage of Western man. The statement has the force of a magisterial judgment, and yet only the most meager evidence is adduced from the works of both men to support it. The idea which informs the organization of the volume imputes a design to the work of each man which not only simplifies but distorts.

To be sure, the notion of intellectual comradeship between Brooks and Mumford has been an accepted fact of our recent literary history; Spiller's view repeats what many surveys of 20th-century literature are likely to say. But the time is certainly ripe for a close, detailed study of the literary culture of our immediate past, and in a close-up view, differences and discriminations need to be given prominence. It does neither man a service to present the letters in the form of a "joint quest," particularly when the letters themselves sometimes contradict the guiding point of view. And it surely does no special good to an evaluation of their work to insist, as Spiller does, that the work of the two men in the 1930s and 1940s ran a parallel course. In actuality the two series, Brooks's *Makers and Finders* and Mumford's *The Renewal of Life* are radically diverse kinds of history and criticism.

On the evidence of these works alone —one an attempt to recover an essentially happy and optimistic literary tradition in America, the other a comprehensive critique of modern technological civilization, a synthesis of technics and art, political and moral philosophy—it is difficult to accept Spiller's statement that the two men "shared a mission" and that "the story of their friendship is the realization and then fulfillment of that mission." By placing such stress in his headnotes upon a putative singleness of purpose, and by providing only the skimpiest (and sometimes inaccurate) footnotes, the editor tends to isolate this friendship from its concrete setting, and thus to deprive it of much of its true life. One hardly gets a sense of both men living and working within a network of many friendships and associations. Their importance to each other is made to seem exclusive: in fact it was not.

What, then, is the value of this volume? Although the emphasis upon mutuality of interest, even vision, at a deep level, is mistaken, the record of a friendship is certainly much in evidence, and the character of that friendship is naturally of historical as well as critical interest. Spiller is struck by the "story" of the correspondence, by the hint of a "formal drama." And indeed the flux of feeling recorded here does include some moments of intense reciprocity (though fewer than one might expect over forty years). What matters, and what is worth having in a book, is the documentation of a special sort of relationship.

Brooks and Mumford met in 1920 and remained friends until Brooks's death in 1963. They were much different in temperament and background, and ten years separated them in age. To be sure, what bound them included during the 1920s, a sense of a common enterprise, but the most striking quality of their letters, from beginning to end, was a sense of mutual respect, a chord of sympathy, rather than a continuous intellectual exchange. Certainly they were close, but the letters, at least, bear few signs of a complete intimacy. At certain junctures they meant a great deal to each other, reading each other's works, often in manuscript, providing praise and confirmation seasoned with friendly criticism. A sense of gratitude and loyalty is often present, especially on such ceremonial occasions as the publication of a book or the celebration of a birthday.

Mumford recalls several times that an essay by Brooks in the *Freeman* in 1920 convinced him to return to America after considering an exile career in England. And he cites again and again his indebtedness to Brooks's lead in opening discussion of the past and future of American culture. "You are the first person to have looked at my work as a whole and to have fathomed its purpose and direction," he wrote in a New Year's letter in 1951, and on Brooks's 71st birthday in 1959, he wrote: "I have no hope of being able to say adequately

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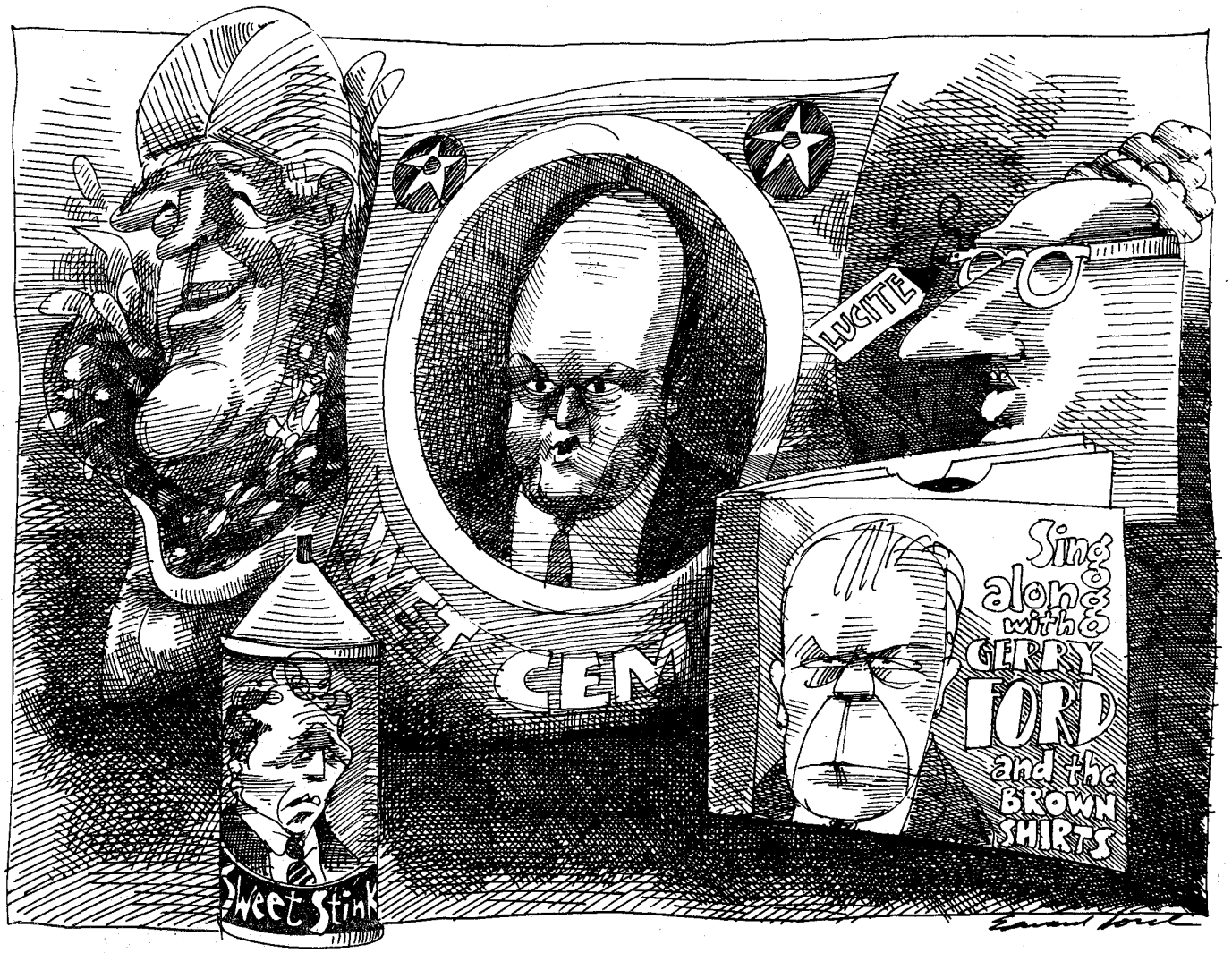
how much I owe to you: how your integrity has kept before me, from my earliest days—for I knew your work before we met in 1920—the image of the true man of letters, following his mission, to stir up the creative forces in our lives in defiance of all that deadens the spirit."

On his part, Brooks found in Mumford an enormous creative energy, an energy which attracted and humbled him. "What you think about what I think," he wrote in 1936, "is something very special in my mind. My feeling about you in some respects is a mighty queer thing. I somehow feel that, in any given connection, if you don't agree with me I can't be right." In his autobiography Brooks writes that Mumford had taken for him "the place that Randolph Bourne's death had left vacant"; he provided a figure that was apparently essential for Brooks, a friend whose superior plenitude "enhanced" his life.

The relations between the men were composed finally of such materials, of respect, good wishes, and what Mumford called "an identic feeling." But what is striking is the relative absence of deeper exchanges, either of emotion or thought. In a rare moment of editorial expansiveness Spiller quotes from a letter Mumford wrote to another friend in 1933: "Brooks and I are too amicable to have the intellectual battles which always lurk under the surface of our conversations . . . both of us look so eagerly for points of contact and sympathy that we tend to understress our differences, and yet I more than half suspect that he either does not believe half the things I believe in, or is antipathetic to them." A tantalizing passage: it suggests a tension which was not permitted free play, not allowed to enter conscious discourse and become assimilated to the larger patterns of the friendship. In part this repression may have resulted from Mumford's tact regarding his friend's precarious emotional state after a breakdown in the late 1920s. Whatever the reason the consequence is a collection of letters rich in amiability,



Drawing by Edward Sorel

WASHINGTON SYNTHETICS by Edward Eliscu

Nixon's made of supervinyl
Agnew's made of styrofoam
Kissinger is solid lucite
Mitchell's heart is solid chrome
Rogers is a scotch tape roller
Laird comes through like wet cement
What is Shultz? A new detergent
Finch? A bathroom cleansing scent
Kennedy? A piggy banklet
Hickel? Latex paint on oil
Romney? Pillow-stuffing dacron
Scott? A pot that will not boil
Ford? A loud monaural record
Ziegler? Just a cyclamate
These, with Hardin, Blount and Volpe
Guide our salesmanship of state.

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Thank you for your contribution
Adding your synthetic waste
To the national pollution.

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but rather thin in intellectual substance.

As to what occasioned the remark in 1933 was the fact that Brooks had defended Charles A. Beard against a criticism of his conception of "progress" leveled by Mumford in a review. Curiously enough, Beard again provided the occasion for the surfacing of differences fourteen years later, in 1947. The Institute of Arts and Letters decided in that year to bestow a medal of honor on Beard; Mumford vigorously disapproved on the ground that Beard's isolationism was tantamount to support of fascism. Brooks had chaired the awards committee, and Mumford, who subsequently resigned from the Institute and the American Academy in protest, charged his friend with being "wilfully blind."

Several letters passed between them on this issue, and they stand in marked contrast to the rest of the correspondence. "The matter that lies between us," wrote Mumford, "is something more than a mere misunderstanding; it goes to the very bottom of each of our lives; and I should be lacking in friendship if I did not speak to you unreservedly about every aspect of it." He developed his argument against Beard and in effect required Brooks to choose between them, between equivocation with fascism and strenuous opposition. Further, Mumford charged that Brooks's refusal or inability to grasp the importance of defying isolationism reflected a chronic defect: "by closing your eyes to what has actually been going on around you, by refusing so amiably to take sides, you have left out the bitter tragic element in the lives of Thoreau, Melville, Whitman, and have ranged yourself with the proper 'gentlemanly men,' who felt that these people were barbarous, hysterical or mad, because they made inconvenient issues over matters that gentlemanly men were careful never to take a position on."

The way Mumford couched his charge that the tragic features of American experience have "somehow escaped" Brooks suggests that this deficiency was precisely one of the suppressed intellectual issues between them. The matter would have been a decidedly delicate one, for Brooks was often subject to similar attacks in the journals of the 1930s and since. F. O. Matthiessen, for example, commented in this period that Brooks's New England books "missed the brooding darkness" of the literature, and that his "earlier stringent dissatisfaction with the deficiencies of our civilization" had "yielded to a mood of celebration." Matthiessen paid generous credit to Brooks's virtues as an awakener in his earlier phase, but protested that his later version of a "usable past" was too much like "a piece of glowing brocade," that the "complex and warring forces" were left out. To hear similar remarks from Mumford must very well have stunned Brooks, and his reply bespeaks his pain. Brooks seemed too willing to confess personal inadequacies, too eager to avoid pressing a battle that may have hurt the friendship. But the issue was fundamental, and it is a tribute to the mature spirit between the men that this episode did not result in a serious break.

Their differences on this issue of fascism may have been a matter of degree of engagement; Brooks was less a protester, less willing to distract his scholarship with incursions into politics and pamphleteering. But in part the difference was a more decisive matter of vision. Mumford wrote in 1944 that his reading of Melville and Dostoevski "were the best preparations I could have had for facing our present world." They taught him about "the works of the devil."

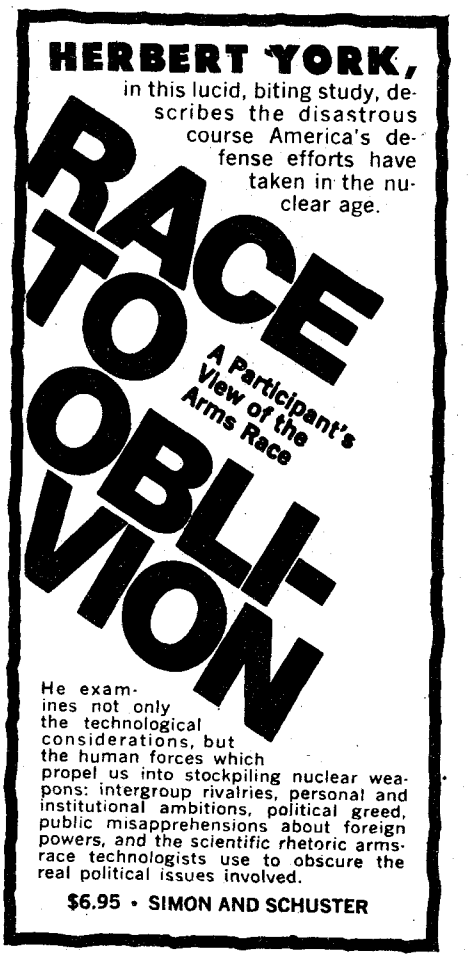
Brooks on the other hand seemed to identify the pessimism and darkness of modern literature with a perverse willfulness in the writer. He came more and more to hold the conviction that a healthy tradition would somehow cure modern writers of their chronic bleakness. "It seems," he wrote in a lecture of 1940, "as if the most powerful writers, from James Joyce to Hemingway, from Eliot of *The Waste Land* to Eugene O'Neill and Theodore Dreiser, were bent on proving that life is a dark little pocket." Two years earlier he had written to Mumford: "I'm more and more convinced that the weakness of our intellectuals comes largely from their not knowing the native writers." Determined to find health, however, Brooks tended to reach for the least controversial, the blandest point of view toward these native writers. One can hardly guess from *Makers and Finders* that antagonisms to slavery, racism, war, poverty, expansion, were major elements in the American tradition.

"Really: you and I grew up in an innocent world," wrote Mumford in 1936.

> Soldiers then were all of the tin variety: they liked drums and music. . . : they still thought of war in terms of manly encounters on galloping horses, indeed, only as a more spectacular exhibition than a hunt or a horseshow. Now war is as grim as the assembly line of a Ford factory and as relentless as a financier: the morals of a rattlesnake are everywhere. Sometimes I am tempted to stand upon my two legs and preach: one last desperate sermon to my friends and brothers: one frantic gesticulation toward safety before some putrid fool touches off the dynamite.

Modern warfare by nations engaged in imperial competition—this was the crucial fact in the lives of the formative generation of modern writers, and Mumford's words express the special kind of rage the new culture of violence and military adventure provoked. Along with figures like Waldo Frank, Sherwood Anderson, Paul Rosenfeld, Randolph Bourne and others, Brooks and Mumford belonged to a loosely knit group in the late teens and twenties who strove to generate new cultural values in an America still possessed of a genteel "colonial mentality."

The movement was naive in many ways, especially in failing to reckon with the immense distance between its own cosmopolitanism and the daily routine of benumbed pleasures of most Americans. But it did project an image of the engaged intellectual; it tried to find an honest creative role for this queer figure, the thinker and writer, in American life. Randolph Bourne insisted with great force during World War I that in an age of imperial war the only honest role was one of antagonism to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the ruling powers, in politics as well as culture. The conjunction of political radicalism and a new awareness of themselves as an intelligentsia mark the group of which Brooks was a leading member, in the period of the war. As F. W. Dupee pointed out in 1939, it was to this new group of aroused intellectuals that Brooks addressed his early work and upon whom he rested his hopes for a revived cultural life. But the war and the consequent disillusion of the 1920s demobilized the group. In Dupee's words, "Nationalism, having simply turned into a sordid imperialism, could no longer inspire a literature."

Dupee's words reach to the heart of an as yet unexamined problem in 20th-century American literature: the destiny of the national idea in a period when economic expansion, once the inner motive of the American dream of occupying empty space, fails to stop at natural boundaries and takes the form of overseas adventures. There is little evidence that Brooks or Mumford, or anyone else for that matter, reckoned with this problematic challenge to the democratic national ideal. Brooks's work, at least, proceeded as if nothing essential had gone wrong, as if the Emerson-Whitman salve (as he perceived it) would cure the ailments of modern literature. For Mumford, America's role in the fight against fascism may have obscured what can hardly any longer be unnoticed, that the military machine in the service of economic interest has become a controlling force in national life.

In light of our own situation, in which opposition has again become a leading mark of the intellectual community, one deeply shared characteristic of the men deserves comment. They both continued their work during the worst of times. Both were members of what may be the last generation of Americans who believed in the power of culture, and in the qualification of intellectuals to lead. Increasingly a mood of "Melvillean bitterness" began to pervade Mumford's letters, but he continued to believe that intellectual work was of consequence. In 1947 he wrote about one of his books, "though I don't expect the book to save the world, it is a point of honor to act as if it, and a thousand others, *might* save the world." Brooks too persevered in an unfavorable critical atmosphere.

Mumford's words in 1946 might have served both: "I have become a sort of exile within my own country." As a group, intellectuals have been among the chronic exiles of American society. Brooks and Mumford believed together that the condition of pariahhood needed to be overcome, for the sake of both the writer and his society. Their faith in books, which is to say their faith in readers, was enormous. In an enthusiastic letter after the publication of *Brown Decades,* Brooks urged Mumford in 1931 to consider a grand work, a "History of American Culture, in six volumes, on the scale of Gibbon's *Rome*." He spoke of a " 'central,' hypothetical audience" that might be created "by some critical historian," in a great work of this sort. The proposal is ebullient, but the idea of such an audience emerging from the work of a "critical historian" points to the underlying faith, perhaps the motive, of the work of both men.

Their styles of critical history are out of fashion at the moment, but surely the need for critical history has never been greater. With all its shortcomings as a contribution to history this volume of letters will surely justify itself if it incites renewed interest in these men—not only in their work (which in Mumford's case is hardly completed) but in the premises of criticism and attitudes toward the history that each man fashioned. □

Freaks, Con Men, Hustlers

NATHANAEL WEST: The Art of His Life. *By Jay Martin. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 435 pp. $10.*

RICHARD GIANNONE
Mr. Giannone teaches English at Fordham University. He is the author of Music in Willa Cather's Fiction *(University of Nebraska Press) and is currently writing a study of Keats.*

Jay Martin's biography stresses the inner perplexity of Nathanael West, a divided man whose deepest personal responses of mind and heart didn't come together, and whose public life didn't fulfill his first need, simply to live as an artist. Martin sees the art West created as tragedy, and that tragic vision as fastened to West's personal despair. Despair and division—perhaps the despair of division—are the motifs of the biography.

West's name bears witness to the psychic division that devised it. He was born Nathan Weinstein, toyed with the name Nathaniel von Wallenstein before settling on Nathanael West. The choices of name convey a good deal about the blocks to identity felt by a sensitive Russian Jew thinking he can make it into an Anglo-Saxon culture by playing a sensitive German Jew. But West was after a personal transcendence quite beyond the pressures he was made to feel as the gifted son of ambitious immigrants. The important thing about the name changes and the numerous stratagems West made throughout his life is the mythology of self through which he lived.

Pretense expresses the inadequacy of the world West met as much as it shows his fancy's hyperactivity. Whatever the condition surrounding him (and it tended to be hostile, even disastrous), West felt larger than it. His masks were invitations to the world to rise to the occasion of his grand view. Except in his art, West rarely succeeded in arranging things to his moral specifications. His few successes were trivial, like the forged transcripts to enter college, or short-lived, like his apparently happy marriage to Eileen McKenney. His failures were what counted.

The forces set against West drew power from the cultural imperatives of his day. Eager to fit into their adopted country, his family took on the notion most available in America that material success secures community and self. Martin reports that the Weinsteins gave their son Horatio Alger books as presents. The gesture indicates the way immigrants supported a society that rejected them by internalizing its values, and tells of the self-effacements their children had to work through. Next to Horatio Alger everyone is inadequate.

Later, in college, West encountered a style—the 1920s—which pushed a slightly more refined, raccooned replica of the bumpkin on the make. The collegiate code of gentlemanly hedonism was even commercially usable; and when an ethos is marketable, it reaches a level of importance congenial to the American imagination. The ascendency of Harding-Coolidge-Hoover suggests what values were in the air that could lift the Horatio Alger model to national prestige. Then West went to work: Hollywood, where $1,000 a week didn't speak to $500 a week who didn't speak to $200 a week; where the nice guy wins, and where the success fantasy underwent the most screwy and tedious transformations. These are the representative worlds West moved through. As a mind, a writer, a man, West was tyrannized by such emis-

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saries of success that told him how to think, how to feel, how to write, and how to be.

It was the depression that sharpened West's opposition to his time. The nation came to terms with hardship through romantic wish, like Hoover's divining prosperity around the corner. West also dreamed, but in his case desire sensitized him to what was happening. West saw what the economic bust revealed: that wealth doesn't bring human dignity, that the values the country was emulating are brutalizing. To protect himself from spiritual debasement and to find a genuine basis for dignity he needed a separate self. He developed it so well that he effectively divided his personality between "the romantic and satiric self," imaginatively involved in American life but personally detached. Libra born (October 17, 1903), West tried all his life to reconcile the double pull in his stars. He died before doing so. A known bad driver, West went through a stop sign on the way back to Los Angeles from a fishing trip and killed himself and his wife on December 22, 1940.

The protagonists of West's four novels dramatize the steady darkening of his moral gaze into a starkness that Martin calls "a tragic sense without a vision of redemption." His first hero is a poet, Balso Snell, who, like his classical predecessors, is launched into the underworld to discover the meaning of his art and life. That the descent is through the anus of the Trojan horse predicts the progress this pilgrim can make among the bowels that human history has become. *The Dream Life of Balso Snell* (1931) ends not with a song or beatific union or calm or cleansing, any of which seems necessary for the man of smell, but in a wet dream, the futile emission West equated with artistic expression.

The sob-sister hero of *Miss Lonelyhearts* (1933) pursues a more humane ambition and, in keeping with West's sense of things, meets a more ignoble end. Miss L, tormented by man's suffering, is killed by those whose pain he tried to ease. Lemuel Pitkin seeks no more than do all other American boys—*A Cool Million* (1936)—and Lem gets what West saw awaiting the all-American boy: Lem is systematically dismembered until proven a mere object for society's proprietary use. Lem is apotheosized into the martyr-hero of the Leather Shirts. "All hail, the American Boy!" In *The Day of the Locust* (1939), Tod Hackett, a painter, goes to Hollywood to design sets and ends trapped in one of those first-night spectacles that foretell the last night of the world.

BRING US TOGETHER

It's a free country said the man swinging an ax-handle at his neighbor
You can say that again said the neighbor swung against and swinging back
And the great thing about it said the woman swinging her handbag
Is everybody can express theirself said the woman smacked in the eye by the handbag and
swinging back at
the student carrying a placard for peace and
being swung along by the shouts of
End the war Burn the war down Smash the windows of war

Eve Merriam

West's heroes all begin with an aspiration that leads to disintegration. They are irretrievably fallen. The novels leave us suspended between West's relentless exposure of our dreams' meretriciousness and despair of a world so absurd that compassion for the loss of those dreams is useless. That despair is West's protest; that protest, his affirmation. Martin reads West's novels as "narratives of ideas," "parable-like occasions for revealing the meaninglessness of both characters and story, and the way that delusion has eaten away all semblance of the existence of either." The novels are assaults on novelistic form; those assaults define the crisis West found in American life. The denial of motivation, story and character reflect the loss of rationality, coherence and individuality.

In his special way, West was a writer of his time. He was, almost inconceivably, an apolitical supporter of the Communist Party, and followed the Marxist insistence that the artist must treat the masses. The masses peopled West's imagined world, but in the fragmented, pained anonymity with which they walk actual streets. And where the politically radical novelist tried to use fiction as a class weapon by calling the reader to the barricade, West, the spiritually radical novelist, reassigned fiction to the ancient, prophetic purpose of seeing, of gaining wisdom. He eschewed sentimental politics, was ruthless in his depiction of massive suffering. In mercilessly, at times cynically and diabolically, opening our moral eye, West works out his program for revolution in consciousness.

Martin concludes that West "preserved the revolutionary aspects of both decades" that were his era—namely, in style (1920s) and subject (1930s). The judgment intelligently accounts for the special stamp of West's art. The observation can be taken a step further. West is a writer of the 1930s who revised the aestheticism of the 1920s into an incisive moral device which took hold in the 1960s. Stating it another way: West made of Sherwood Anderson's art of the grotesque a vehicle for moral statement.

The expansion comes through West's diabolic humor, his comic treatment of the serious, the revelation of the tragic underside of banality, the assault on sentimentality, the urgency to see things plainly despite their absurd surface. The effect is to bring freaks, con men, spiritual hustlers, fools of all stripes from a position of clinical curiosity to the heroic center, which of course has been their place in serious fiction since West. And finally, West's perception of the kinship between violence and sentimentality opened layers of unexplored experience attending the American Dream. The hard-hattism before us now confirms West's belief that the revolution had to go beyond the proletarian interests because a class can be spiritually cheated though materially affluent.

West saw through the pastoral vision of an expanding frontier to the strict un-

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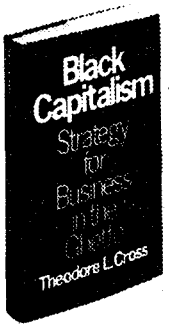

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derworld of law-and-order fantasy that has accompanied the American way of dreaming. His protagonists move through a violent, deceitful, repressive world of inexplicable hatreds generating inexplicable fears. Bitterness and disillusion are the qualities of life. The novels search for the skeptical wisdom required to face such absurdity. The experience is so shattering, dismantling in fact, that all the search can end with is seeing. Knowing must stand for doing.

"There are men," R. D. Laing says, "who feel called upon to generate even themselves out of nothing, since their underlying feeling is that they have not been adequately created or have been created only for destruction." Nathanael West was such a man. Divided and inconsolably lonely, West tried to make himself new out of his weaknesses. He made of his division an artistic wholeness; of his alienation, a moral perspective. The new self could live in art which became the *patria* he did not find elsewhere. Son of an immigrant, and spiritually traditionless, he made with four brief novels a tradition for himself and, through several subsequent artists, for us.

It is good to have now Jay Martin's biography of the man within the art. □

Accelerating Grimace

THE LIFE OF EZRA POUND. *By Noel Stock. Pantheon Books. 450 pp. $10.*

HERBERT N. SCHNEIDAU
Mr. Schneidau is the author of Ezra Pound: The Image and the Real (*LSU Press*). *He teaches English at the State University of New York at Buffalo.*

Ezra Pound has now seen all of his own generation and many younger poets into the earth; he has outlived Modernism as Wordsworth outlived Romanticism. And, like Wordsworth, he stands in some primal if not causal relation to his movement: a statement that may be argued philosophically, but finds pragmatic evidence in the roles Pound played with respect to the great authors of the 20th century.

Young gadfly to Yeats, *cher maître* and *il miglior fabbro* to Eliot, "wonder worker" for Joyce, he also helped uncover the diverse talents of Williams, Frost and many others. Now that he has seen all these talents buried again, one can have an even deeper response to his line (adapted from his own translation of the Anglo-Saxon *Seafarer*) in the *Pisan Cantos*: "Lordly men are to earth o'ergiven." There it refers to a group including Yeats, Joyce and Ford Madox Ford. No one has known so many of the lords of modern literature so intimately as Pound. But he resists burial himself; his own essence is vitality, and his longevity seems emblem enough. He imagined his own funeral long ago, in the first poem of *Hugh Selwyn Mauberley* ("E.P. *Ode pour l'élection de son sepulchre*"), but with a mockery that rebounds from him to his detractors.

Most critics agree, whatever their reservations about his insight or even good sense, that Pound was a prime mover and shaker of our era. Thus it is a sad duty to have to pronounce the newest *Life of Ezra Pound*, by Noel Stock, remarkable mainly for one achievement: it makes this astonishing career sound dull, and almost succeeds in burying it under a moraine of uninformative detail and inane anecdote. Reading this book gives one almost no sense of Pound's pivotal role, and though its tone is sympathetic it will make him no new friends.

Stock is not a graceless writer, and even in the most pedestrian parts the book is readable, given sufficient interest in Pound. But most often it resembles nothing so much as a series of note cards strung together:

> Pound was now playing tennis regularly with Hueffer [Ford Madox Ford] on the court available to the tenants of South Lodge; he would listen to what Hueffer had to say about style in the afternoon and that evening he would use it as a lure to draw out Yeats. In this way he encouraged Yeats towards a new gauntness in his poetry and between the two older men managed also to clarify some of his own ideas about style. By all accounts Pound's tennis was a strange sight to behold, with much extraneous leaping and many oddities but often effective against more conventional opponents.

The interchange among Pound, Ford and Yeats was fateful for Pound's own career, and for modern literature: much of what Pound learned about "style" from Ford he seems later to have taught to Hemingway, for example. Stock, however, simply inters the affair in a paragraph about tennis.

Of course a biography must be built of details, far better than pontifical generalizations. Yet we have a right to expect, if not digestion, at least salivation of the facts, and not such stuff as this:

> In June 1898 as the school year came to a close he had ice-cream, cake, eight lemonades and crackers after "Skinny" Dayton, whose name was Dayton Larzelere, beat him in the high jump at the Academy sports. He looked forward to the coming "declamation contest" which he hoped to win. I do not know the outcome for certain but I seem to remember Pound telling me, or perhaps I read it somewhere, that he did in fact win.

Before he decided to include these things, plus many other dispensables, Stock should have taken to heart a sentence he paraphrases from one of Pound's reviews of Joyce: "His most engaging merit, Pound thought, was that he carefully avoided telling a lot of things that the reader didn't want to know." In his postgraduate days Pound "invented" a method of scholarship that he called "Luminous Detail," as opposed to the method of "multitudinous detail." Pound's imagism is rooted in his notion of "Luminous Detail"—poems made to depend on a few tellingly presented particulars. He once suggested that the most basic definition of poetry could be found in a certain German-Italian dictionary: "Dichten=*condensare*." Stock should have taken that to heart as well.

Stock's grasp of Pound's milieu is most uneven: he is knowledgeable about such oddities as Pound's reputation in Australia (Stock's birthplace) but seems unaware of more basic matters, e.g., that Olivia Shakespear, Pound's mother-in-law, is widely regarded to have been more than a friend of Yeats. There are, to be sure, some good things here. Stock presents a lucid discussion of Pound's career in the 1930s and his descent into economic mania. In general his summary of the facts of Pound's later life is the most adequate now available.

Perhaps a biography that appears during a subject's lifetime always condemns itself to a certain superficiality. Often these efforts conceal an indecent haste to hurry the poor soul to immortality. But Stock's failure does not spring from a desire to say the last word on his man: on the contrary, even his access to privileged material in Pound's archives stimulated in him little effort to deal with the ironies and puzzles of Pound's life and to the complex effect Pound has had on other people. Pound the poet has been accepted grudgingly by many who continue to despise Pound the man. Can

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his anti-Semitism alone account for this effect? Richard Aldington testified in 1914 that Pound was "one of the gentlest, most modest, bashful, kind creatures who ever walked the earth," and Hemingway and others have recorded his selfless generosity.

Pound wrote in 1917: "Old Yeats (J.B.) describes [John Quinn] as 'the kindest, most generous, most irascible' of men. I have never known anyone worth a damn who wasn't irascible." And in Canto LXIII he writes: "must be (IRA must be) aroused ere the mind be/ at its best." If Stock had been able to follow the growth of what Aldington called Pound's "pose" of "enormous arrogance and petulance and fierceness"; if he had tried to consider Pound's excitement when he heard fiery old Wilfrid Scawen Blunt toast "Damnation to the British Government!"; if he had been aware that Pound chose consciously, beginning in his Vorticist days, to "save the public's soul by punching its face"; if he had reflected on Pound's friendship with Mencken—then he might have been able to say something consequential about this prickly personality.

So also, if Stock had been able to show more clearly how Pound's economic obsession, with its by-products of anti-Semitism and admiration of fascism, grew out of his wrath at munitions makers who, as he thought, prolonged World War I for gain; if he had connected Pound's vision of the corruption of our culture with Lawrence's, one denouncing "usura" and the other "the money sty," then he might have made a sounder contribution to the problem of Pound's manias. For looked at in this light, Pound's nightmare is the unresolved problem of our time: fantastic technology coexisting with misery and starvation. It is a specter that has driven more than one man slightly mad and to the persecution of scapegoats.

One might wish, in addition, some discussion of the ironies of Pound's poetics. The poet who advocated "Luminous Detail," who believed that "dichten=*condensare*" and that "poetry consists of gists and piths," wrote in 1913 that "thirty real pages are enough for any of us to leave. There is scarce more of Catullus or Villon." Yet Pound is known today principally as the author of an endless and diffuse epic. (There may be some resolution of this irony in the fact that the "diffuseness" of the *Cantos* is a result of exceedingly severe boiling down, and the defects of the poem are those of overcompression.)

Stock has little enlightening to say about an intellect that could be equally enthusiastic about extremes of mystical and of empirical thought, that could even-handedly admire both Richard of St. Victor and Louis Agassiz. To account for this one needs to know the background of Pound's boundless faith in the ability of the mind to open into reality, which is far more important for understanding him than even a more competently assembled set of life records. □

Belle's Hell

ZELDA: A Biography. *By Nancy Milford. Harper & Row. 424 pp. $10.*

ROBERT SKLAR
Mr. Sklar is author of F. Scott Fitzgerald (*Oxford*) *and editor of the forthcoming* The Plastic Age: 1917-1930 (*Braziller*). *He teaches at the University of Michigan.*

This first biography of Zelda Fitzgerald is a chronicle of almost unrelieved pain. It strips away the last remaining glitter from Scott and Zelda's storybook romance, leaving only their bickering, their disorder, their self-destruction. One wonders how this most revealing account of Fitzgerald's private life will affect his current high standing as an accomplished and significant novelist. For Nancy Milford, Fitzgerald's desire to be taken seriously as an artist matters chiefly as one of the precipitating causes of his wife's collapse into mental illness.

Mrs. Milford tells Zelda's story as pathos rather than tragedy. Zelda Sayre was the youngest child of a distinguished family in Montgomery, Ala. Her father, a judge, was cold and aloof. Her mother spoiled and pampered her, and she grew into a willful and playful young girl, full of imagination, pranks, courage and foolhardy daring. In character she was remarkably similar to Scott Fitzgerald, who met and courted her as an Army officer during the First World War. But because she was a girl, and the gayest of Montgomery belles, her imagination and intellect had less opportunity for training and discipline than Fitzgerald's, less sense of who she was and what it was she could do.

Zelda was an undeniably talented diarist and letter writer, a talent Fitzgerald drew on, and even copied, for his portraits of flappers in his early stories and novels. He came to take for granted, so Mrs. Milford stresses, that her private writing was his exclusive property as literary material. For her part, Zelda seemed determined to distract Fitzgerald and keep him from his work. Of the two, she was the more wild, more drunken, more flirtatious. Their spiritual separation reached an early climax on the Riviera in 1924. While Scott concentrated on writing *The Great Gatsby*, Zelda entered into a brief affair with a handsome French aviator. Mrs. Milford claims, contradicting earlier Fitzgerald biographers, that there was no actual infidelity. But Fitzgerald felt deeply betrayed.

Thereafter their relationship steadily deteriorated. Mrs. Milford's detailed account suggests that the Fitzgeralds lived for years in the same quarters but hardly as husband and wife. Zelda took up ballet with a concentrated will. Scott drank through the night. They fought constantly and cruelly, with accusations and recriminations. In 1930 Zelda collapsed and entered a sanitarium. She was mentally ill and confined to institutions for much of the time until her death in 1948.

Zelda's creativity took new forms during her illness. She wrote short stories and a novel, *Save Me the Waltz*. She painted, and a show of her work was mounted by a New York gallery. Yet even when she worked successfully during her illness, Mrs. Milford emphasizes, Fitzgerald impeded her. He was angry when her novel seemed to trespass on

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his material and he forced her substantially to alter it. To her and to her doctors he constantly reiterated the view that she was an amateur while he was a professional, and that she could not expect to attain artistry without the struggle and the disciplined effort that he had put in. Then he used passages from her recent letters in *Tender Is the Night*.

Mrs. Milford's copiously detailed biography belongs to the proliferating genre of American lives which profess to supply every fact, but offer few judgments or explanations. In reality such enormously documented studies judge their subjects by their very form—overburdened with unessential information, they obscure a life's significance among the day-to-day trivia of rental cars and room decor. There are readers—those chiefly for whom a good book means a good cry—who will find *Zelda* sufficient in itself. But for others the questions raised by Zelda Fitzgerald's life are those for which Mrs. Milford provides documentation rather than answers.

Zelda's youthful environment and experience gave her no opportunity to discover her artistic skills or master the techniques which might have nurtured them. Her considerable talent and energy were funneled into pranks and dares that now appear more as destructive attracks on her community than as genteel games. But the fortress of her father's position always protected her. When Scott came along he offered, besides his own charming self, escape into a wider, more cosmopolitan environment and his own world of imagination and developing art. But in their new life, Fitzgerald's position was inherently precarious, resting on his writings rather than his wealth or power. If their pranks and dares backfired, they had no one to fall back on but themselves.

Mrs. Milford's attitude toward Fitzgerald is shaped by her inability to read his fiction in other than autobiographical terms. She does not take seriously his claim as an artist, and thus her interest in his writing is limited largely to pointing out what aspects of their life he wrote about in his stories and novels. This leads her to treat Scott and Zelda's life together as raw material on which either had the right to draw. By claiming it for himself, in her view, Scott diminished Zelda.

But this interpretation does not do full justice to the needs and limits of Zelda's creative imagination. It is as likely that Scott's growing sense of his own artistry and of a form for his materials awakened in Zelda, first, a resentment not so much at his inattention as at his growth, then a desire to develop her own artistry and find her own form. Mrs. Milford suggests that Zelda became a more accomplished ballet dancer than anyone has heretofore given her credit for. She might have made a career in ballet had not her ambition been so vast, to become as pre-eminent in her field as Scott was in his—and had not a mental breakdown intervened.

Though there are harrowing and exhaustive descriptions of Zelda's symptoms and her physicians' diagnoses, Mrs. Milford leaves the most important questions about her illness unanswered. She suggests a history of mental illness in Zelda's family background; her brother also suffered a mental breakdown and committed suicide. Is there a hereditary propensity to mental illness? Alternatively, could Zelda's illness be adequately explained by an analysis of her personality and environment? Ultimately the question becomes: what caused Zelda's mental illness? Without an adequate explanation of such questions, Mrs. Milford allows the burden of responsibility to fall on Fitzgerald.

It is more plausible to recognize in Scott and Zelda a husband and wife who grew and changed at different moments and at different rates. Each responded to the other's growth, not with sympathy and encouragement but with jealousy and interference. Zelda failed Scott as he failed her. Yet Zelda Fitzgerald was a woman who was failed, not simply by a husband but by a place and a time, by a society. *Zelda* is a book that will be read mainly by women; many might see in it not merely the private pathos of Zelda Fitzgerald but also a paradigm for the lives of all women with talent undeveloped and ability unused. □

Hochhuth's Coup d'Etat (U.S.)

GEORGE G. ECKSTEIN
Mr. Eckstein contributes regularly to several German periodicals; his book on the New Left in America is being brought out this month by a German publisher.

Rolf Hochhuth has made his name by stepping on mighty toes. In his historical-political plays he has attacked prominent persons and myths, basing his dialogue on historical documents and frequently using their actual texts. However, he does so not in the manner of the modern "documentary theatre" but remains rather in the tradition of the German historical dramatic theatre, the tradition of Schiller, of Buechner, and—in our time—Carl Zuckmayer. He brings to this tradition an extra sharpness, a pointing up of the issues, rather than of the individuals in whom they have come to be incorporated.

His *Deputy*, written in 1963 and shown on Broadway amidst considerable controversy, attacked Pope Pius XII for not having raised his voice and his influence against Hitler's extermination of the Jews. In *Soldiers* (1967) he poked into another dark episode of World War II—the death of General Sikorski, head of the Polish Government-in-Exile, in an unusual plane accident off Gibraltar. In slightly veiled hints, he laid the responsibility for this "accident" to Winston Churchill, and to his and Stalin's postwar goals, which had no room for a quixotic leader who would not give up the dream of a truly independent Poland.

It is quite understandable that a dramatist should be attracted to the dark side of history—it promises more effective theatre than the drudgery of daily politics or the slow changes in power relations and institutions. But this preoccupation is hazardous when it turns from historical event, however recent, to current politics and speculation about its potentialities. That is what Hochhuth has done in his latest play, *Guerrillas*, a "tragedy" set in the United States of about 1968, and dealing with the social and political tendencies of what Hochhuth sees as the American Empire. *Guerrillas* has recently been performed in Stuttgart and other German cities, and been published by Rowohlt Verlag, Hamburg.

As a citizen of what he calls an American "satellite state whose industry is bit by bit swallowed up by U.S. corporations," Hochhuth feels entitled to place his urban guerrilla revolution in the epicenter of power, the United States itself. He puts secondary emphasis on Latin America, which he sees as the Empire's most vulnerable flank, now that the rebellion of the poor masses there is spreading to the church and parts of the upper classes, including the army officers.

Starting from the premise that the military-industrial complex which is ruling the United States and dominates Latin America cannot be destroyed except by a revolution from above, a group of dissenters from the ruling elite

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